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Our Church's 5 Big Jobs

In Color: America the Beautiful

Can Coaches Be Christian?

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families August 1957

Together

Established in 1826 as CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

AUGUST 15, 1957 ***Vol. 1, No. 11***

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In August's sultry dog days, thoughts keep straying to cool lakes and quiet mountain peaks. So you'll be refreshed, we think, by the heat-chasing photo on our cover. Taken by Mildred L. Cromwell, it strikes a "purple mountain majesties" theme and introduces the winners in our *America the Beautiful* contest. Other winners, pages 34-42.

First we tried counting people, then dogs. But every time we counted canines or humans, we'd find another. So we give up and pass the job on to you. All we can say is it's an old-fashioned Sunday-school picnic, with all its flavor captured by Graham Hunter, nationally known cartoonist... *Anybody else for the potato race before we eat?*

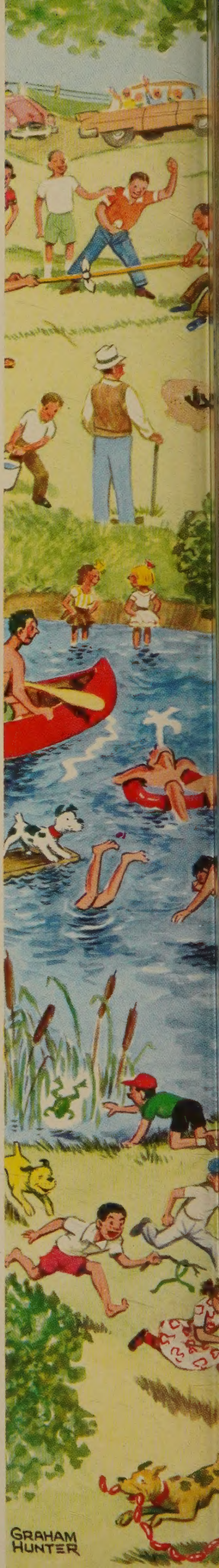
TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by The Methodist Publishing House, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect concurrence of The Methodist Church. *Editor:* Leland D. Case • *Executive Editor:* Paul Friggens • *Managing Editor:* Charles W. Keysor • *Art Editor:* Floyd A. Johnson • *Associate Editors:* H. B. Teeter, Bruce L. Williams, Fred R. Zepp • *Editorial Assistants:* Else Bjornstad, Judy M. Johnson • *Contributing Editors:* Newman S. Cryer, Jr., T. Otto Nall, H. F. Rall, Roy L. Smith • *Business Manager:* Warren P. Clark • *Advertising Manager:* John H. Fisher • *Publisher:* Lovick Pierce • © *1957 by* Lovick Pierce.

Manuscripts and Correspondence for publication: Write to Editorial Offices, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Authors should send postage.

Subscription: $3 per year. Write to TOGETHER Business Office, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Advertising: For rates, write to TOGETHER Magazine Representatives, 454 Wrigley Building, Chicago 11. Entered as second-class mailing matter at Post Office in Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Nashville, Tenn. Accepted for mailing at special rate in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 5, 1918.

Change of Address: Five weeks' advance notice, old and new addresses, and mailing label from current issue are needed. Mail to TOGETHER Business Office, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago.



SUNDAY SCHOOL
PICNIC
PIE EATING
CONTEST
HERE AT
4 PM
TURTLE
RACE

Of all 12,000 color photos our readers sent to illustrate America the Beautiful, *this one by Jan Doward, Auburn, Wash., best captures summer's August mood.—EDS.*

Some Summer Verse

GROWTH

The tendrils of a seedling vine
Leaned against a wall,
Clinging with young fingers
That had no strength at all.

In time the vine held tightly
And secretly aspired
To reach the very summit;
And as it climbed acquired

A strength not yet detected,
A ruggedness not guessed,
As winding up and round itself
It reached the stony crest.

The years brought with maturity
A vigor slowly won,
Until its sturdy branches gave
Support to crumbling stone.

—PHYLLIS M. FLAIG

A GARDEN

A garden is a sunny room
Where peonies and pansies bloom,
A music hall where all day long
Birds fill the sheltered nooks with song.

A garden is a magic space
Where miracles are taking place,
And nature, out of leafy mold,
Produces phlox and marigold.

A garden is a gallery gay
With lovely pictures on display,
A church where stately lilies nod
And men draw very close to God.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

("Favorite Poem" submitted by Dora Bohm, Route Edwardsville, Ill., © April 6, 1934 by Edgar A. Gue

Letters

etime . . . of Deeds' in 26 Words

ISS BEATRICE TRASK, *Denver, Colo.* reading *The Happiest Day* [June, 23] I was especially struck with words, "Someday I'll have children y own. And when I do, I'll ask only I can give them the happiness you have given me." What a lifetime of ds and deeds are put into that quote Kathy to her father as he escorts her n the aisle on her wedding day!

What Purpose?'

RS. H. C. WEST, *Chinook, Mont.* ETHER is a pretty and interesting azine, but to what purpose besides rtainment? Does it help us take Christian stand on current affairs? nd recent issues of *The Lutheran ald* and *The Christian Century* ting us on immigration bills and the nic-agency treaty, but our June e can do nothing more than point to Jamestown, and "Disagree on lear Tests" [News, page 70]. We l information, not equivocation.

vidently, Mrs. West—and perhaps r readers—overlooked TOGETHER'S *horitative Powwow about banning nic tests. It appeared in the Novem- issue—anticipating by several nths the current discussions in news- ers.*—EDS.

elops Overlooked Point

ON DILL, *Assistant Administrative rector, Jamestown-Williamsburg- ktown National Celebration Com- sion, Williamsburg, Va.* I feel I am ting on behalf of both state and fed- commissions to express our grati- e for your interest in the 350th anni- sary celebration and for TOGETHER'S ndid color-illustrated article on this oric area, *Where American Protes- ism First Took Root* [June, page

our article develops an essential and n-overlooked point—that James- n was indeed the beginning of the testant faith in the New World. Our ory might have been quite different had not taken root.

ars . . . and Understanding'

IRS. RUSSELL WILLIAMS, *Homer, N.Y.* t finished reading the very sad Per- al Testimony by Barbara Murray kes, *I Am Not Afraid* [June, page I know it brought tears to all who d it, and maybe a better understand- of the real meaning of faith. hank you so much for the worth- le reading in TOGETHER. . . .

We've had much mail about Barbara Finkes' touching testimony. One typical reader comments: "The influence of this single story will go on forever." We hope so. Many readers are writing letters of comfort and appreciation directly to Jerry, reports his mother, Mrs. Carl Finkes of Columbus, Ohio. Incidentally, Jerry now is taking a short course at Miami University.—EDS.

Purcell Hit the Nailhead!

RICHARD B. DIFFENDERFER, *Collingswood, N.J.* Malcolm Purcell has hit the nail squarely on the head in *Why No More 'Shouting Methodists'?* [June, page 28]. One need but read your magazine to see that our denomination's emphasis is on social betterment, large membership rolls, and huge sums of money, rather than the need for each of us, as sinners, to find Christ as our personal Savior. You offer mankind famous Methodist football players, actors, and bathing beauties, instead of the transforming gospel message for which it hungers. . . .

No More Shouters, Please

MRS. A. C. ALEXANDER, *Charleston, Ill.* To say the least, I did not like *Why No More 'Shouting Methodists'?*

Thank God, there are no more.

When I was six I was taken with my younger sisters to what was then called "protracted meeting." Of what denomination, I do not know.

Of course, I did not understand what was said, but I have never forgotten the result of what was said. A number of excited people dancing around, clapping, throwing their hands around, some embracing others, and finally some falling in the aisles, seemingly insensible. We sat on the front seat and I remember how fearful my mother was that one of the young women acting thus would fall on one of her children.

Since then I have seen some "shouting" and I hope I never see any more. Christian emotion has better ways of demonstrating itself. Our church has committees on missions, evangelism, education, lay activities, Christian social emphasis, and town and country. Isn't that a wonderful way to work off enthusiasm? . . .

'Sin, Hell, and Heaven . . .'

KING LASSITER, Bethpage, Tenn. About *Why No More 'Shouting Methodists'?* I am 65 years old, was raised in a typical little Methodist church in a rural Tennessee community, and I can easily recall the protracted meetings we had in

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our little church where there was more heartfelt religion than in today's great modern churches. Night after night we attended these great religious services, deeply interested in the song services and sermons that told us there was a certain hell and heaven. . . . When that precious mother of mine began shouting, this meant more to me than 1,000 sermons as they are delivered today. What is lacking in our modern churches is the fact that Jesus, and him crucified, is not preached. Modern ministers do not preach besetting sin, hell, and heaven because it might hurt someone's feelings. . . . We sorely need ministers who are fearless, teaching and preaching as Jesus and Paul . . .

Disagrees With Dr. Smith

RALPH E. JOHNSON, *Jackson, Tenn.* I find myself in agreement with many points in the controversial article, *Why No More 'Shouting Methodists'?* and also with some statements made by each of the general secretaries.

However, I wish to take exception to the position taken by Dr. Eugene L. Smith, particularly his statement, "The church is not a gathering of people already saved; it is a gathering of sinners in need of salvation." I find it hard to believe that anyone in his place of leadership in the church could be guilty of having such an opinion. I find no place for it in either the Bible or *The Methodist Discipline* . . .

EDS. NOTE: *We called reader Johnson's letter to the attention of Dr. Smith, who is General Secretary, Division of World Missions. And here is a pertinent portion of his reply:*

Mr. Johnson's concern is a vital one. Salvation, of course, is salvation from sin. The fact of salvation is real. In his concern that we not lose sight of this fact, I am in profound agreement with him. The church is, as he writes, "a connectional society of those who profess their faith in Christ." However, there is another fact we have to remember. Salvation is a fact. At the same time, salvation is also a process. At this point the Scripture is abundantly clear and nothing in *The Discipline of The Methodist Church* contradicts this scriptural insight into the nature of salvation.

St. Paul stated it. "Not that I . . . am already perfect; but I press on . . . because Christ Jesus has made me his own. . . ."

'Interesting . . . Attractive'

JOHN T. KENNA, *Director, Church Safety Activities Division, National Safety Council, Chicago, Ill.* Dr. Conley of the AMA has sent us a copy of TOGETHER and its interesting article, *Danger: Poison in Your Home* [May, page 65]. This article is well done and is a good example of how the religious or religiously oriented press can effectively remind the American people of safety considerations implicit in just about every area of human existence. The best thing about it is that these reminders can be interesting, informative, and attractive—which practically everything about your magazine is, anyway.

GIs—Accurate Appraisal

MAJ. GEN. G. S. MELOY, JR. *Chief of Information, Department of the Army, Washington, D.C.* In my opinion, and that of our experts in community relations, Gordon Gaskill's first installment of *How Bad Are GIs Abroad?* [June, page 13] is a fair, accurate, and objective treatment. Although the article states that it is reporting the negative side of soldier conduct only, it does so with well-balanced perspective.

Lonely Soldiers

MRS. CAL ROENFANZ, *Peshtigo, Wis.* Your article, *How Bad Are GIs Abroad?* interested me. I lived in Germany as a dependent of a Pfc. It's a complicated business, occupying a country and trying to make friends. Service life is so transient; addresses don't get taken or are lost or are unreadable. Some of our best friends have gone that way. Although there are only a few boorish GIs, you only hear about the bad ones. Boys 18 or so, although they may be well trained at home, sometimes get homesick and lonely. . . .

'Eye-catching Cover'

WALTER K. KERR, *Pastor, Marvin Methodist Church, Tyler, Tex.* The cover of TOGETHER for June is especially eye-catching for Tyler Methodists because it pictures one of our prettiest young ladies in Marvin Church—Miss Bettye Cobb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louie Cobb, Jr.

SHE'S A METHODIST, TOO!

Thanks, Bettye, for posing. And you, Reverend Kerr, for backstopping the photographer. He overlooked telling us that Bettye is a Methodist.—EDS.

Wanted, Extra Copies

A. M. MOSELEY, *Greenville, S.C.* I am enclosing a check for $1. Please send me as many copies of TOGETHER as it will permit.

I want the extra copies for passing along the lead article, *I Am Not Afraid* [June, page 11], to others who need assurance. This alone makes the magazine worth the subscription price.

'Some Might Differ'

M. L. DAVIS, *Pastor, Trimble Methodist Church, Trimble, Tenn.* I want to say as a pastor that TOGETHER is, I doubt, the answer to a long-stand need in our church and with the c stant improvement that is being m it should soon stand at the top of religious magazines in America. I, m self, think it already there, but so might differ.

She Remembers Dr. Connick

MRS. ROGER L. CHANDLER, *Whitt Calif.* I was very pleased to read S *mon on the Mount Put to Work* by C. Milo Connick [June, page 46]. D ing my four years at Whittier Coll I was privileged to take three of Connick's religion courses. His clas usually include students of many fa and attitudes, and in our learning discuss and think together the class came more than a course about religi it became a meaningful religious perience as well.

Dr. Connick is one of those fine p sons whose religious beliefs are clea indicated in all of his actions.

'Your Magazine Helps'

THE JOHN BOSWELL FAMILY, *DeLe Tex.* Please accept the sincere tha of a family of temporarily inact Methodists for such a fine magazine. are trying to teach our children t God is everywhere, and your magaz certainly helps with its lovely scen pictures, helpful hints for teen-age and interesting pages for the small as well as more serious thoughts for older folks.

Another Together Clipper

MRS. ANDREW G. SORENSON, *Mitch S.D.* As a "parsonage child" I was rai on *The Christian Advocate* and in adult life it was always one of magazines. It never occurred to me t it could be improved upon. But in T GETHER you have produced an even b ter "official organ" for our great chur

I have clipped *What Is a Girl?* a *What Is a Boy?* [May, page 22], a the William Allen White classic, *Ma White* [May, page 46]. And when I w ready to file them I stapled them i the cover of that issue. I have alwa been a clipper, but in the last year, which I have edited the official organ the South Dakota Congress of Pare and Teachers, I have come to do it w a more discerning eye. I can't ev guess how many of my clips have co from your magazines . . .

3 Sermon Illustrations . . .

KENNETH LITTLEJOHN HAMILTON, *Pa tor, First Presbyterian Church, Oce Drive Beach, S.C.* Several months ag was on an air base as a reserve chapl for a few days. Another chaplain ga me three copies of your fine magazi for distribution to hospitals. The mag

DVERTISEMENT)

arn "Pin Money" in Spare Time— being a good neighbor

JANE CLARK

his year, thou-
ds of women—
en those who
er before had any
perience making
ney—will receive a sizable spare
e income without being tied down
humdrum job.

For example, Ruth Rodgers made
7.25 last year without taking one
ment away from her responsibilities
home. "It was so easy and such
," she said. "I found out that most
my friends like nice things, and
y like to save money, too. I simply
red to show them how. At the same
e I earned all the money I wanted
my personal 'extras' without dip-
g into the family budget".

All I did was to introduce the
lton Christmas Card assortments
my circle of acquaintances when-
r I visited them for a cup of tea
an afternoon bridge game or after
P.T.A. meetings. In just fifteen
utes I made as much as $3.25 for
self."

Mrs. Rodgers was enthusiastic.
st of all," she went on, "I had no
investment to make and I didn't
e to know a thing about selling.
friends just couldn't resist order-
cards at first sight! Even the most
d-to-please were thrilled with the
utiful designs — especially when
y learned that the cost was just a
ction of what they always paid for
e quality cards in the stores. In fact,
y saved more money by ordering
lton gift wraps, stationery and other
ely gift items at the same time."

Mrs. Rodgers went on to explain
t she plans to earn her pin money
same way this year. Her hopes
even greater because the Chilton
eeting Company will distribute
00.00 in prizes for 1957. Women
h as Mrs. Rodgers and her friends
o place orders for cards through
m are all eligible to win these cash
es.

Anyone may take advantage of this
re time extra-income opportunity.
Mrs. Rodgers says, "My friends
ught I was doing them a favor.
ey needed Christmas cards anyway.
ey love the variety and the con-
ience of making their selection at
ure without shopping in crowded
es or worrying about parking prob-
s. They thanked me for showing
m how to save. At the same time,
being a good neighbor helped me
n the easiest money I ever made."

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Send for these four introductory boxes now. Then take them next door to your neighbor and within a few minutes you'll have made yourself $3.25! No selling experience is needed! Our money-making guides tell how to earn $20, $50, $100 and more simply showing Chilton Greeting Card assortments, gift wrappings, stationery and gift items.

SEND NO MONEY: If you decide not to become a Chilton dealer, return the 4 boxes and owe nothing. Or keep them for your own use at retail price. Only one offer to a family or household. Mail coupon below today!

And you'll also learn how you may

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Please send me the four boxes of Chilton Greetings described above, plus full details about your Cash Prize Contest. I pay nothing now or when the cards arrive. I understand that the special introductory price to active dealers is $1 plus mailing cost and that if I do not sell I may return them without obligation.

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Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

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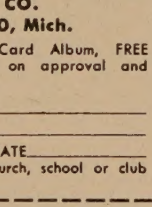

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☐ Check here if writing for church, school or club interested in raising funds.

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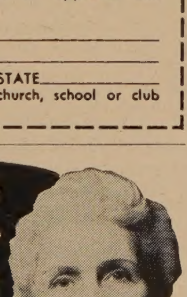

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Dept. T8-30-7 150 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

zines stayed in my car for three months. Then I began to read one. Never have I been as thrilled over any magazine as over the October issue. It had everything. I found three marvelous sermon illustrations for my sermon this Sabbath. What a magazine it is! . . . May God bless you in your splendid work.

Boys Needed for Ministry

ROBERT B. MOORE, JR. *Altheimer, Ark.* I am told that there is actually a 25 per cent shortage of Methodist ministers and this figure is growing.

TOGETHER, with its pictures, its editorial policies, the way in which you present an idea—all these things lead me to believe that you can call young men to the ministry of The Methodist Church.

TOGETHER has already worked miracles as far as my charge is concerned. We use the All-Family Plan, and I know that many people here read TOGETHER who seldom hear my sermons.

'Full of Inspiration'

SAMUEL E. BOYS, *Plymouth, Ind.* I write to congratulate you on the splendid magazine you are publishing for The Methodist Church. TOGETHER is so full of interest and inspiration and valuable information that I like it very much.

Your May number had two important articles. One of them, *Circuit Rider of the Centuries* [May, page 12], was on John Wesley and his work. I have been a lifelong Methodist and have heard a lot about Wesley, but never got clearly in mind just what he did and his wide influence on England and the world until this article.

The second article of special interest to me was *Peephole in the Bamboo Curtain* [May, page 34], the story of what The Methodist Church is doing in Hong Kong for the Chinese refugees from the mainland. Never before had I got any information that our church was doing such splendid Christian work as this.

Again, congratulations.

Thanks, Alan Beck!

MRS. VIRGIL YATES, *Cecilia, Ky.* I have just read the two articles that Alan Beck wrote, *What Is a Girl?* and *What Is a Boy?* [May, page 22]. I have never read an article in any magazine so true. It is a wonderful article for mothers to read. I know I have accomplished a lot by reading it. . . .

Dali 'Not Sacrilegious'

EARL W. SAUNDERS, *Berkeley, Calif.* In the May issue, I noticed letters both approving and disapproving your reproducing Dali's *Crucifixion.* May I now come to your defense? Certainly the work would be controversial in any publication. However, this does not warrant the attitude that it is not art. The question to be asked is, "Is it good or poor art?" Even then, the answer must be made in relation to the thou world of the artist.

Dali's work is not sacrilegious does not "desecrate" our Lord. It executed by a man who is sincere genuine in his adoration of God. He painted a moving piece of work cannot help but create a sense of within the beholder. . . .

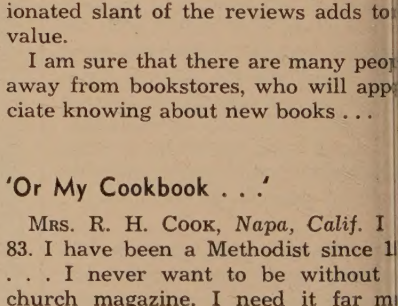
Congratulations for a steady gro in your journalistic efforts. . . .

Bouquet for Barnabas

MRS. MARGARET TREDWAY, *Mode Calif.* I hope you will continue your book section [by Barnabas]. Since y first issue I have enjoyed all review am chief order librarian in a cou public library so I always read revi from many sources. I agree with Bis Kennedy that he need not be lim to calling our attention only to bo with a religious theme.

Conversational Knowledge, at Le

MRS. O. W. HARRIS, *Jefferson, Io* I wish to express my appreciation *Looks at New Books.* It not only i



BARNABAS—AS ONE ARTIST SEES H

generous section, but the slightly op ionated slant of the reviews adds to value.

I am sure that there are many peo away from bookstores, who will app ciate knowing about new books . . .

'Or My Cookbook . . .'

MRS. R. H. COOK, *Napa, Calif.* I 83. I have been a Methodist since 1 . . . I never want to be without church magazine. I need it far m than I need my garden magazine or cookbook, and I think I need those a Our TOGETHER is without doubt the m attractive church magazine I have e seen.

A Matter of Conscience

MRS. R. H. BRINKS, *Peace Committ Trinity Methodist Church, San Fra cisco, Calif.* Our Peace Committee a others interested have read the arti *Mother, Will I Have to Go to W* [May, page 11]. The ideas are excelle it was well and thoughtfully writt However, one is disappointed not find a more definite conclusion. W shouldn't this mother answer, "No"

In the social creed of The Metho Church under sections *(Continued on pg.*

Together / NEWSLETTER

THODIST IS DEFENSE HEAD. Leo A. Hoegh, the new Civil Defense Administrator, is a Hawkeye Methodist and ex-governor of Iowa. As the attorney general he battled hard to enforce Iowa's law banning sale of liquor by the glass.

ERYBODY CHURCHED IN TEXAS? The Texas Evangelism Crusade in 1958 will be one of the biggest regional projects in Methodism. The goal: to reach every inactive Methodist and every unchurched person in the state. Six annual conferences in two episcopal areas have voted support. The steering committee recently tapped the Rev. Quay Parmer, Fort Worth evangelist, to lead the crusade.

LUNTARY-INTEGRATION PLAN GAINS. Forty-four annual conferences now are on record backing a Methodist constitutional amendment to set up speedier machinery to integrate churches. Two conferences oppose the amendment, and 29 have not reported their official positions.

000 METHODIST MEN MEET. Packing Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind., laymen from 48 states and all annual conferences met to spark new progress for the church. They want more spiritual depth to club programs and activities—not just meetings. Some opportunities they urged: win more men for Christ, launch more clubs (Methodist Men have 11,000 clubs now), support student scholarships, start new churches, supply lay speakers for hundreds of vacant Methodist pulpits. One discussion group urged a national movement to return to midweek prayer services.

THODIST STUDENT GIVING IS UP for missions and benevolences—jumped 14 per cent last year—almost matching the 16.5 per cent increase for The Methodist Church as a whole. The $40,838 total was eight times the amount given in 1943-44, first year of the Methodist Student Fellowship Fund.

5 METHODIST-YOUTH LEADERS, drawn from 1.5 million high-school and college-age Methodists, are meeting in Denver, Aug. 17-23, to elect officers and map new national programs. This will be the 17th annual session of the National Conference of Methodist Youth.

OBE LIQUOR ON AIRLINES. The Methodist Board of Temperance wants Congress to investigate the problem. Major commercial airlines adopted a voluntary code in 1956 limiting passengers to two drinks, but the Board charges the code is being ignored. The Board also wants public hearings on current pending legislation that would ban alcoholic beverages in air travel.

HURCHMEN ASK H-BOMB BAN. Methodist signers of a telegram to President Eisenhower urging a ban on nuclear-weapons testing include Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Washington; Bishop Charles W. Brashares, Chicago, and Dr. Henry Hitt Crane, Detroit.

(*For more church news see page 67*)

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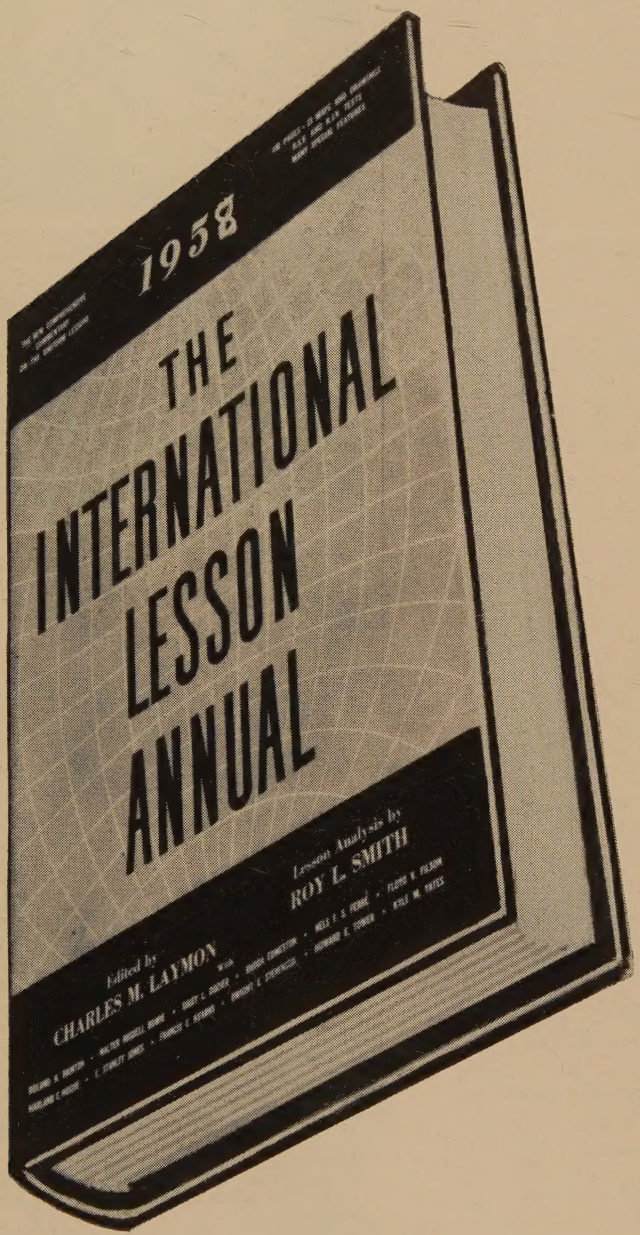

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My Religion of Laughter

by MINNIE PEARL
Comedienne of Grand Ole Opry

Off stage, she's Mrs. Henry Cannon and a member of West End Methodist Church in Nashville, Tenn.

ONCE, when I was studying dramatics, I hoped my name would soon be in lights on Broadway, that my picture would grace the covers of the national magazines, and critics would hail Sarah Ophelia Colley as one of the great dramatic discoveries of all time. I would be a serious artist with the acting skill of a Helen Hayes.

Well, that didn't exactly happen. The legitimate theater got Helen Hayes and a radio-TV show called Grand Ole Opry got a lovelorn, giggling country girl named Minnie Pearl. I can't say I have any regrets. I think that is the way the Lord planned it for me—and I think he wanted me to learn there is real religion in laughter.

After all, it is as a beloved teacher once told me when I was a student at Ward-Belmont College in Nashville, Tenn.: "Never forget you are the reed through which the Master blows his music."

Yes, I believe there is religion in laughter. There is therapy for the soul in laughter. Religion is many things—including laughter and joy. The face of the truly religious person should be a smiling and radiant face.

I've learned that laughter is a kind of religion because people are happy when they laugh. When Job was so disconsolate, and for good reason, God promised he would "yet fill your mouth with laughter and your lips with shouting." Long ago I began to wonder if I could pass on to the world some of the joy I experienced in my own religion, and in so doing ease some of the burdens of others.

Those of us who have a strong religious background from childhood should be thankful. As a child, I went to a little country church, stood beside a potbellied stove, and sang such songs as *Follow the Gleam* and *Where He Leads Me I Will Follow.* We didn't have baby sitters in those days, so mother took all her children to church from babyhood on. I have found that early training in childhood will eventually lead one back to reverence, even though he may have strayed for a while. But sometimes I think that the Lord must get mighty put out with us for taking for granted he will always be there waiting for us when we do return.

Being a radio-TV comedienne isn't always joy and sunshine. Sometimes it is hard work. Most members of our show travel thousands of miles each week. Sometimes there are two or three shows a day and long hours without sleep. Yet my life has had great rewards. Recently a woman approached me after one of my acts. From her plain dress and worn hands, I could tell that her life hadn't been easy.

As she approached, a smile erased the worry wrinkles from around her eyes. "This is the first time I've had a chance to thank you," she told me. "I've listened to you each Saturday night for years. Always, it seems, I'm worn out from work when I sit down by the radio. But when you come on I laugh and the tiredness goes away and I am happy for a little while."

I turned away, feeling a warm glow of pride, yet more humble than ever, more grateful that God has given me my religion of laughter. I am thankful that it has been possible for me to use whatever talent he gave me to remove the lines of care from one woman's face, even for a little while.

Why Did I Survive the Atom Bomb

By MARTIN KAWANO

DAY BROKE in the basement of the hospital's ophthalmological department where I had stayed overnight in case of an air-raid alarm. The night had passed quietly, however, and now I stretched my arms to dispel the nightmare of a disaster which had haunted my dreams throughout the long, tense night. It was August 9, 1945, a beautiful morning in Nagasaki. The sky was neither too cloudy nor too clear. A line of slowly moving clouds shaded the morning sun, as if trying to protect weary medical students from the heat of another day.

"How about coming to our house for breakfast before the next air-raid alarm comes?" asked Mochizuki, my pal, coming out of the dark hospital basement to the outdoors.

"That's a good idea. I haven't seen your wife for more than a week. How is she?"

"She's just fine. I know she'll be happy to see you."

Mochizuki and I walked together to his house on a hill only five minutes from the medical school. At the door, Michiko greeted us with a smile. Her round face and trim figure made her look young, but she was older than Mochizuki. She was happy and she showed it.

It was unusual to see such happiness in this last, desperate stage of the war, with fading glory and ever-increasing fear of invasion around us. Manila had been recaptured by MacArthur, Iwo Jima had been lost with thousands of brave soldiers. So had Okinawa, though no details had been published. It was no secret that Japan had lost her navy and nearly all her planes. We had often seen the B-29s flying in formation above our city, but never a Japanese plane chasing them. And only three days earlier we heard a rumor, probably true, of a formidable weapon destroying the whole city of Hiroshima, with her thousands of citizens. Nobody could deny the approach of the worst; invasion, destruction of our islands, death. However, people did not worry about their death as much as about the hunger they knew that they would suffer before they died.

But on Michiko's face and in her eyes that morning there was nothing related to war, hatred, or despair. She was too happy to worry about the dark future. She had been married only two months to her long-loved sweetheart. She was too much in love to let her heart be filled with hatred. They were a happy couple, like two sparrows protecting each other with their wings of love against the storms raging outside their nest.

I started breakfast with them, but we were interrupted by the gloomy sound of the warning alarm. We hurriedly returned to our post in the university hospital, anticipating the routine alarm. But this time no alarm followed the first warning. Medical students were sent back to their classes and we undergraduates to the outpatient clinic.

Some time later I checked my watch. It was 11 A.M. I walked into the examination room without dreaming that already the second atomic bomb used in war had left the B-29 at that moment droning high above our city.

I had stood only briefly behind Professor Koyano, watching his examination of a patient, when the whole room was illuminated by a radiant light like a magnesium flash. Two seconds later there came a heavy blow and blindness.

I was tossed and knocked down by a gigantic force from behin heard no sound; probably my were deafened by the shock. I t to see around me but could see n ing. The room was filled with d hot air. I tried to breathe, but fume-filled air choked me. The of the sulphur was unbearable.

Feeling that I was dying, I m aged to kneel and ask the Lord t cept my soul. I felt nothing of f worry, or despair. I simply than God for letting me live a ble life since I first knew him nearly years earlier.

What blessed opportunities he given me in my new life. First had led me to the theological se nary. Then he sent me to serve the army for three years at a s zero Manchurian barrack, where established my faith in austerity loneliness. He kept me out of pri when I confessed to army offi that I could not fire at any hum being against the orders of supreme commander of the unive Then he sent me to medical sch But, best of all, he provided me w a preaching job at a pastor church, giving me a chance to tify to the word of God in this w stricken, military-controlled l now on the brink of defeat.

What an honor it was to give timony before the small, ardent c gregation and the cold-eyed se police who suspected me of be an American spy. Had I prophesied last Sunday that the sult of sin is death and the harv of injustice is ruin? That "there sh not be left one stone upon anot that shall not be thrown down"?

Now it had come to this count to this town, and to me. There no doubt in my mind, however, t God would forgive my sins Christ's name, because of my fa

his love as shown in the Savior's ffering, death, and resurrection. ord," I prayed, "take me in thy nd and forgive my trespasses. I ve all, myself and mine as well, thy loving hand."

I could hold my breath no longer. had no choice but to let the burning fill my lungs and give me per- nent peace.

No sooner had I inhaled a small ount of dark smoke, though, than saw a dim light coming from the ce where a window had been. stantly I dashed for it.

I jumped 15 feet out the window earth, unhurt. Then I could eathe again. But it was not day- ht where I landed. It was strange sk, a sinister, gray-brownish-yel- w of another world. And the nd! A hurling wind, carrying pers, leaves, dust, hurriedly and nidly as if they were all dancing heaven hand in hand. The air d the same burning smell of sulphuric nitrogen as before. Everything was in flames except the hospital which I had just come out of and the narrow strip of earth on which I stood.

Seeing the ocean of flame on my left, I followed a narrow path covered with scorched branches and uprooted trunks. A distant roar was coming from the sea of fire—tens of thousands of screaming voices. But around me there was a strange quietness. Under the deep shadow of death, under the poisonous cloud of radiation particles, were ghostly figures walking along the rim of the human inferno. Their eyes stared blankly, their faces were covered with soot, their exposed body surfaces were bleeding. They wore only torn patches of scorched, blood-smeared clothes. Just then I felt a burning pain at the back of my head. I, too, was wounded, bleeding. I wrapped my head with a torn piece of my gown.

No one around me uttered a word. It was a scene of ghosts, moving in silence on a desert of destruction and fire. Then I heard one of the ghosts murmur, "What has happened?" as he saw the unbelievable metamorphosis of the once-beauteous dream town of Madam Butterfly!

I heard him without surprise. Only a few days before I had read to my congregation these passages:

"Then shall there be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world. . . . the sun shall be darkened and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken. . . ."

I took the path to the mountain because all other paths led to the fire. I picked up a dying nurse on my way and carried her until two other students took her to a safer place. I soon lost sight of them and

The mountain road was hard to climb with two children in my arms. And even on the easier paths smoke and hot air chased us.

have never heard about her since. I will never forget her hair scorched to the roots, her body burned and bleeding.

I also remember the last desperate cry of a mother, crushed under a house, asking me to save her boy who was sobbing near the ruin. I took him in my arms before the fire caught them. A lost boy whose skull was broken joined my party later. I watched a pillar of fire in the direction of the medical buildings, knowing from the screams that junior medical students were burning alive in the flaming old wooden buildings.

A steady question haunted me all through my journey to survival: Why was I still alive? Why was I spared while thousands of others were dying, including my friend's wife, Michiko, my classmates, and thousands of others?

The mountain road was hard to climb with two children in my arms. And even on the easier paths the smoke and hot air chased us. I was nearly exhausted when I reached a Catholic hospital in the suburbs. A Japanese doctor I knew and two nurses welcomed me and I joined them in the attempt to give the burned and wounded as much help as our scanty medical supplies would permit. Little did we know that many of our patients were to die of uncontrollable organic hemorrhage caused by radiation.

Late that night, lying on the grass among the sick and wounded, I was meditating on the meaning of this catastrophic day. One of the boys I had carried was asleep at my side. The smaller one had died shortly after we arrived. The fire of his cremation had just burned down, leaving cinders smoking in a dark corner.

The clamor and roar of the destroyed city had also died. I raised my head and watched the still-burning city. There was no sign of survival. In the distance, another wall of Urakami Cathedral fell, sprinkling bright streams of colored light like fireworks.

"Isn't that beautiful?" the voice of a nurse asked.

"Yes," I replied, "as pretty as Nero's fire in Rome."

I was not thinking about Nero's fire, however, but about the Psalm I read the day before, when a widow of a minister came to me asking whether she should stay in this city with her two children. I had told her she should stay no longer in Nagasaki. She had promised to leave the next day before noon, but I insisted on her leaving immediately on the last train of the day. Before praying together I read for her the first seven verses of Psalm 91:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God, in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walk in darkness; nor for the destructi that wasteth at noonday. A thousa shall fall at thy side, and ten th sand at thy right hand; but it sh not come nigh thee."

The last verse echoed inside m "A thousand shall fall at thy si and ten thousand at thy right han but it shall not come nigh thee." was not accident or by any hum wisdom that they had left the c the night before instead of this mor ing. It was by the guiding hand the Almighty. The same loving ha led me to survive the day. It is providence that I live now, by H will.

I don't know the future. But know the same providence will le me and make my life give glory him. And I know that "all thin work together for good to them th love God." But I did not love hi first. It was he who loved me an sought me and saved my soul.

AT NAGASAKI HE LOST ALL—BUT HIS FAITH!

Dr. Martin Kawano is best described as "a working Christian." Out of the horrors of the A-bomb raid on Nagasaki and the despair of his homeland's surrender, he has emerged with a rock-like faith—and a determination to use it to serve his countrymen. Professionally, Dr. Kawano now is an instructor of surgery at Nagasaki University School of Medicine. Outside, he is one of Japan's most active Christian laymen.

With his Christian wife, Miwa, he conducts services in his home each Sunday. On alternate Sunday afternoons, he invites his congregation to dinner—or, as he describes it, "to what would be called an *agape* (or common meal) in the early Christian status." He adds: "One wife confessed it was the first time in the whole year that she was invited *with her husband* to any dinner. The non-Christian husband seemed to enjoy the evening no less than his wife. Joy of the Christian fellowship is the surest way to bring people from the sake and geisha girl-saturated banquet to the sound and blissful home table."

With all this, this busy surgeon still is finding time to publish a religious magazine, *The Tablet*, each month. Now in its fourth year of publication, the magazine is distributed to hospital patients and worshipers the doctor's home. Its goal: "To expla what His love, faith in Him, and consequen good will and fellowship mean in our troubl world and daily life, especially in the w most touching and appealing to the Japane heart."

Still another Christian labor to which H is devoting his time and talent is a tran lation of the Bible into Japanese—a proje which friends say "takes up many hours." is Dr. Kawano's conviction that bringing th Word of God to his countrymen in an easi read translation will do much to promote th causes both of Christianity and democra in a land once dominated by a ruthless mil tary clique.

Dr. Kawano's faith was forged in the fir of war—in the Japanese invasion of Man churia and the devastation of World War I In the atom-bomb attack of which he write 73,884 men, women, and children out the 252,630 then living in Nagasaki wer killed. Thousands of others were injured; square mile in the heart of the city w flattened, scores of nearby blocks gutted b fire. Among many Japanese, hatred for thos who had dropped the bomb flourished.

But not in the heart of Dr. Kawano. T him the meaning was clear. Where thousand had died, he had lived. His life must hav been spared for a purpose. He is finding tha purpose now in working, as a surgical in structor, to heal men's bodies—and as " working Christian" to heal their souls.

"With team sports . . . nothing counts but victories, no matter how achieved."

Can Coaches Be Christian?

By JAMES W. CARTY, JR.
Religious News Editor, *The Nashville Tennessean*

HE FOOTBALL TEAM, rated most sports writers as being in the ion's top five, was behind in the cial game. A bid to a post-season wl game hinged on the outcome. ggish and overanxious, the players ldn't move the ball against the position. They punted.

As the opposing quarterback ght the ball, the coach of the trail- team yelled out at the top of his ice, "Kill the ——!"

The crowd's roar drowned out his ice so most people didn't hear m. But a newspaper photographer ouched near the coach heard it— d was shocked. A devout church- er, the cameraman had covered orts contests for six years and knew at many coaches will use any meas- e, however unethical, to win. But is coach was supposed to stand ove most others as an outstandingly vout man and a gentleman.

Reporting the incident at his office, e photographer commented, "I have seen hundreds of athletes of all types. Some were fair church members. But I've never seen one who was an outstanding Christian. In games, sportsmen divorce their conduct from their religious principles, as far as I can see."

My own experiences confirm his observations. This dark stain in our sports fabric is probably easiest to observe in football, both college and professional, but it has spread equally to other sports.

With team sports such as football, one big trouble lies in the terrific pressure for a "win streak" brought on the coach by alumni. The coach, in turn, applies pressure to the players. Nothing counts but victories, no matter how achieved. The philosophy is, "They don't pay off on a loser"—and if the coach wants to keep his job, or move up to a higher paying one, he'd better win—no matter how.

I have searched long, diligently—and in vain—to find more than one individual who is outstanding both as an athlete and layman. Each year, the newspaper on which I work publishes a pre-Easter series about the faith of laymen. I have directed the last few series and have made hundreds of telephone calls to ministers and laymen to inquire about good prospects. The background of each individual is thoroughly checked so that those selected will be representative of the best.

Nashville, Tenn., where I work, probably has about the largest percentage of church members and churchgoers of any metropolitan city in America. Too, the state has more than its share of noted athletes. The University of Tennessee for one, vies with Notre Dame and the University of Oklahoma in having victorious football teams. Other schools, in and near the city, have their quotas of topflight athletes. But try as hard as I can to find such a person to be in-

cluded in our series, I have only turned up one layman who is outstanding in both areas, religion and sports—Bill Wade, pro football player for the Los Angeles Rams and a member of First Presbyterian Church, Nashville.

Out of several coaches investigated, we once decided on one who was regular in attendance at church and could articulate his faith, even though he took no leading role as a Sunday-school teacher or in any other layman's job.

But when asked to represent his church in the series, he declined. He told us frankly, "I do not carry over my religion into my coaching. The pressure from alumni for victories is so great that it is impossible for me to relate the two.

"I acknowledge to myself that I am making no attempt to be Christian in operating my team. This keeps me from being tortured by mental conflicts."

Other queries were made of Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish clergymen. The person for our series could have been an outstanding athlete in decades past, so long as he is a genuine religious leader in the present. But even that combination I did not find.

I'll keep looking. But meanwhile the church needs a concerted Christian mission to athletes. For athletes are highly regarded in our culture. They sign the advertising endorsements which influence people to buy clothes, cigarettes, or whisky. They should be motivating people to attend church.

Every Sunday I visit a different congregation for a regular Monday feature, "A Reporter Goes to Church." Quite often I also visit Sunday school. Generally, when teachers are poorly prepared they fall back on talking about sports to their classes.

"After all," they contend, "when you get right down to it, being religious is just being a good sport."

Actually, they are equating Christianity and sports. The result is that religion is downgraded and pagan concepts are upgraded into the realm of the holy.

For what is being a good sport in American culture? From talks with sports writers who have covered thousands of amateur and professional games, I have learned that to be a good sport in the concept of athletes and coaches one must:

1. Win at any cost.
2. Cheat if necessary—but don't get caught.
3. Feel that victory, not having fun, is important.

I remember a professional football game which seemed headed for an upset. If the underdog won, the team would clinch the divisional title and have a shot at the championship. But the underdogs' quarterback was thrown out of the game for fighting. Without his leadership, the team lost.

A TV commentator—a former athlete revered by millions—said, "That's the type spirit I like to see." In other words, in his view the quarterback did right in losing his temper and fighting—and thus losing the game for his team.

Alumni, as we have seen, are one source of trouble. But they are not alone. Too many men and women—spectators, but not necessarily alumni—are concerned about only one thing—seeing their team win. They boo the decisions of umpires who are trying to keep the game moving according to the rules. Some even throw bottles and shout profanity.

Under such conditions, what can the Christian do to change the s of values so that sportsmanship comes Christian rather than pag

He can offer to be a team chap and conduct services for week events. Pastors should see that S day-school teachers have a more found concept of Christianity are prepared to teach every les Teacher institutes should stress th twin factors.

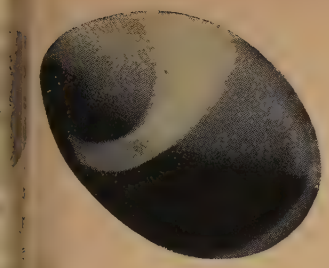
At colleges and universities, ch lains ought to call on coaches players to transform their lives. T should challenge them to bec "Christian sports." Further, th clergymen must persuade alumn ease off on this pressure for vict streaks and place the pressure wh it belongs—on fun and "re-creatio

It is up to our churches at the v least to insist that church-lea players observe their religious p ciples in competitive contests. often pastors ignore bad conduct religious-league games.

The challenging need is not sermons. It's for personal evangeli in door-to-door calling on athletes show them the need for a qua lacking on too many playing fi today—Christian sportsmanship. U til this is done, our games are go to be pagan festivals, not Christ contests.

MIDMONTH POWWOW

Can coaches be Christian? Read Alonzo Stagg's engrossi story on the next page. Written without knowledge Carty's article, this veteran coach's review of 70 yea Christian service presents the other side of the issu



70 years of coaching ves that football can

RING THE BEST UT OF BOYS!

ys Amos Alonzo Stagg
told to Arthur Farey)

WHEN THE thump of the pig- n is heard this fall, God willing, I l have passed my 95th birthday, l whether or not I am out teach- g the boys to kick or pass, my zest football will be just as strong as it s over 70 years ago when I started career as a player and, later, as ch.

People ask me why a man born ring the Civil War has kept on rking with young men a quarter a century after most coaches retire. I have stayed around in football cause of a promise I made to God. When I was a young fellow back New Jersey, I planned to become minister. I attended Yale Theo- gical School to prepare myself for pulpit. But I never was much of a blic speaker. I don't think I would ve made a very good preacher. One y I got down on my knees and ked God how I could be of real hristian service. That was when I cided to trade the pulpit for the hletic field.

Since then I have made the young men of America my ministry. I have tried to bring out the best in the boys I have coached. I'm sure many of them have become better Christians and citizens because of what they learned on the gridiron.

Making a ministry of athletics doesn't mean I've preached to my boys in the strict sense of the word. But I have never failed to seize an opportunity to lay down principles that are just as important in the Christian life as they are in football. Since I joined the church on May 23, 1877, over 80 years ago, I have tried to live a Christian life.

Of course, I've exerted every honest effort to win! Any coach hates to lose. Winning is important. But the *most* important thing is playing the game—that and what one learns while playing it.

True, many coaches face a sharp barrage from Monday-morning quarterbacks who fume when a game is lost. Unthinking fans, alumni, even

sports writers may take up the hue and cry for the coach's scalp if wins are few and losses are many.

Coaches worth their salt must resist such pressures. They must keep their eye on their ball, remembering that their real job is to develop healthy bodies and to condition minds to work with others in a good cause. Coaches who do that are likely to win a few games, too.

Being human, coaches welcome a friendly word, too. If you know one

Stagg and some of his "boys"—Stockton Junior College men and Earl Klapstein, then the head coach. Klapstein played for Stagg at the College of the Pacific.

who puts boys above wins, back him up! When his team drops a game, write him a "We're with you!" note. Chances are he is hearing only from the "Win or else!" crowd.

I believe in amateur athletics. I believe in playing the game for the game's sake. And I believe profoundly that if such ideas disappear from our playing fields, America will have lost something precious.

I took such ideas with me when I went to the University of Chicago in 1892 after spending two years at the Springfield YMCA training school as student and coach. My term of service at the University of Chicago lasted 41 years. At 71 I went to the College of the Pacific, a Methodist-related school, where I coached 14 more years. Then I moved on to Susquehanna University in Pennsylvania for six years. I've been at Stockton Junior College in California four years, helping a fine young coach named Don Hall teach the game's fundamentals.

During these long years, I have learned one thing. Football is like life—and life is a matter of being willing to try a comeback after defeat.

The man or woman who will face up to life as one of my boys did back in 1900 can win the game. He was a 149-pound guard named Bodwell. It happened just before our game against powerful Michigan.

"Boys," I said, "Michigan has a big guard named Kelly. He weighs 220 pounds and he's a terror. He's licked the stuffing out of everyone who has come up against him. Now, who wants to play against Kelly?"

"I do," said the 149-pounder.

"Then you're the man, Bodwell."

Bodwell played against Kelly—played him to a finish. Chicago won, 15-6.

To get the best out of boys, you must challenge them to courage as Bodwell was challenged. You must challenge them to honest discipline. I have severely disciplined young men because of their failure to do their duty and to measure up to their possibilities. I have disciplined them for cheating and other forms of dishonesty. One such player, decla ineligible because of a dishonest came to me brokenhearted.

"My boy," I said, "you just th God today that you have been fo out here on the campus. If you gone out into the world with y crooked ideas of what is right wrong in reference to honesty, G help you—because you would su have been found out."

I have dropped some of my players for failure to observe train rules. But I have never used p fanity in driving men. Neither h I used soft words. Once I told player:

"You are a self-satisfied, opini ated young jackass who is big than the team, the coach, and school together. Go take a look yourself—and come back when see what I see."

Yet, I loved that boy. To get best out of boys you must love th Good coaches must be concerned every way with helping the boy have worked with boys whom haven't admired—but I have lo them just the same. Love has do nated my coaching career.

As I look back, I am sure so such motive must have domina the careers of so many of the gr coaches I have known.

How did I get into coaching was 28 when I accepted the post the University of Chicago. My l hadn't been easy. Mine was a po family. I had worked to get an ed cation, attending high school a Phillips Exeter Academy before e tering Yale. There I played baseb —my first sports love. I pitched f five years and Yale won five cha pionships.

My decision to side-step the pul for the athletic field followed a sing year spent in the Yale Divin school entirely devoted to the stu of Hebrew and philosophy. The co viction grew on me also that I wou never be able to talk easily on r feet.

So when in 1890 my professor Hebrew, William Rainey Harp newly elected president of the U versity of Chicago, urged me to come director of athletics, I wr him: "After much thought a prayer, I feel decided that my life c

st be used for my Master's service
the position you have offered."
Coaching, I later wrote my family,
ill give me such a fine chance to
Christian work among boys who
e sure to have the most influence
ong other members of the student
dy. Win the athletes of any college
Christ, and you will have the
ongest working element in college
e."

This I believe today. That's why
rge everyone who is lucky enough
have a coach dedicated to youth
his area to support him. Not only
ll this help him produce stars that
rk together as a team, but it will
lp him produce good citizens. He
constantly drilling his men in fun-
mentals. He is laying down good
undations for the time they are
eded most. It is essential to get
e fundamentals to become a good
otball player, just as it is essen-
l for the boy and girl to get the
ndamentals of Christian living.

Times have changed since I took
y first coaching job but the funda-
ental truths remain. It still pays to
ay the game, whether football or
e itself, by the rules. There are no
tter rules for living than those in
e Bible.

A few years ago one of my old
aseball players recalled how he had
it third base to make the winning
n. He also recalled what I said:
"Do you know there are rules gov-
ning the game of baseball and we
tend to play by the rules? The
ext time that I know of your cutting
e bases, you turn in your suit!"

Then he went on to say: "I have
een tempted now and then, but
very time I have been tempted to do
mething that was not just right, I
ave thought of what you said about
e rules and playing them."

Such are the rewards of a long
oaching career. My home life has
een rewarding, too. All our chil-
ren have grown up to be active in
hurch work. I started as a Presby-
erian, but my wife, Stella, and I
ow belong to the Central Methodist
hurch in Stockton. She has been at
y side through it all. Without her,
doubt if I would have been privi-
eged to work with boys for so long.

I hope to continue my ministry
o boys. You see, I'm simply keeping
y promise to God.

95--And Still Under His Own Power!

Not so long ago a manufacturing firm notified Amos Alonzo Stagg that he was to receive a power lawn mower with its compliments. "Please don't send it," the grand old man of football wired back, commenting later: "Mowing the lawn under my own power helps keep me in condition."

Despite the protest, the mower arrived. It stood uncrated in a corner of the Stagg living room until it could be returned to the manufacturer.

So, at 95, Alonzo Stagg goes ahead under his own power, staying in condition, seemingly indestructible, the living legend of a man seven years older than the game of intercollegiate football itself. For years people have been asking him how he maintains his remarkable physical vitality and mental alertness—a vitality and alertness superior to that of men half his age.

"He never broke training," one friend explained recently.

Stagg's life has been one of regularity, exercise, and enthusiasm for sports since youth. His diet is without frills or fancy trimmings, he explains. "Just plain, wholesome, everyday food," mixed with a fondness for figs which are plentiful around the home. About his only indulgence is from the bowl of hard candy Mrs. Stagg keeps on the table at all times. A rigid disciplinarian, he neither smokes nor drinks. His strict program of training has left its mark on many a young athlete.

The veteran coach tells about one of his former players he saw standing on a corner several years after leaving school.

"He had just lighted a cigar when he caught sight of me," Stagg says. "I glanced away intentionally, but out of the corner of one eye I saw him drop the cigar quickly and step on it. Then I laughed at him."

His honesty and integrity, his unswerving determination to play the game by the rules, became legendary half a century ago. For example: on many occasions friendly spies have sent him full sets of signals used by opposing teams. In each case Stagg has torn them up, unread.

His lifetime coaching record is an enviable one, particularly his score of 273 games won against 142 lost and 29 tied during his 41 years at the University of Chicago. At the College of the Pacific, where he coached during his 70s, he sent his small college team to victory against some of the best teams in the nation.

Admirers say Stagg's greatest contribution to football was himself. But he pioneered many innovations to improve equipment and prevent injuries. He was father of the so-called Notre Dame shift and the flanker. He was a member of the original NCAA Football Rules Committee and holds a life membership in that body.

Mr. and Mrs. Stagg live in Stockton, Calif., in a house they rented 25 years ago. They have no TV, although an anonymous well-wisher once sent them a set. It was never connected and at last report Stagg was still trying to find out who sent it—so it could be returned.

Probably no coach has ever received so many honors. Tributes, plaques, and souvenirs fill the house. One of his most prized possessions is a New Testament presented last year by the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. It was inscribed, "To Amos Alonzo Stagg in recognition of a Christian ministry in the world of sports."

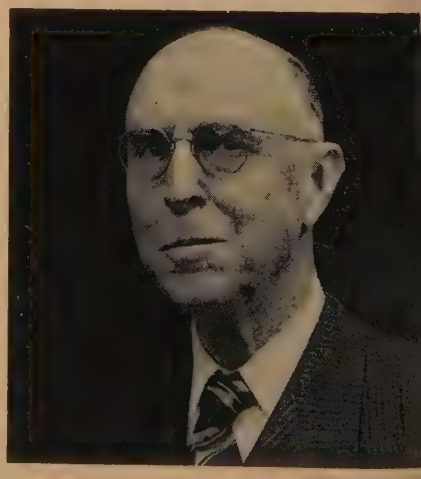
Another tribute is inscribed on a large bronze plaque which has a place of honor in the house. It commemorates "fifty years of service to the game of American Football. To the development of the American young man, to the advancement of the profession of football coaching. In sports he found his active sphere; but his inspiring influence has carried far beyond the realm of sports. Not only our game but our colleges and our country have profited through the manly example he has set throughout the years. With pride, we, the football coaches of America, number him as one of us for all time."

Men and women you'd like to know make up The Methodist Church. Here are four you'll want to meet.

Unusua

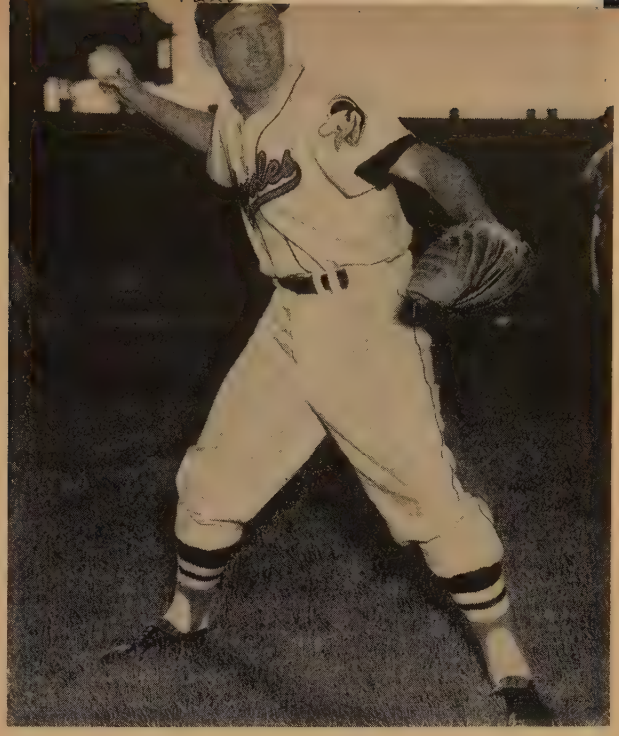
AT GRAND CANYON. Thanks to C. M. Goethe (below), tourists learn the answers to its many mysteries.

NUMBER ONE NATURALIST. All summer long, this year as every year, millions of Americans are enjoying the popular nature-study programs in our national parks. The Methodist who, back in the early 1900s, sparked the original drive for this project—and who contributed liberally to make it possible—is an unassuming California banker-philanthropist, C. M. Goethe. In turn, he credits the idea to the Methodist Sunday-school training of his late wife, Mary Glide Goethe, whose family built churches, supported missions, and reared her with a deep concern for the welfare of others. After several trips to Europe, where they studied nature programs in many countries, the Goethes launched an all-out drive for a similar project in the U.S. Now officials refer to the park-study program as "the world's largest summer school, with a 25-million acre campus and an enrollment of 18,901,244." Goethe, pictured at right, has been honored often by conservationists for his leadership, treasures most of all a title bestowed on him in 1948 by park officials meeting in Yosemite National Park: "Honorary Chief Naturalist."



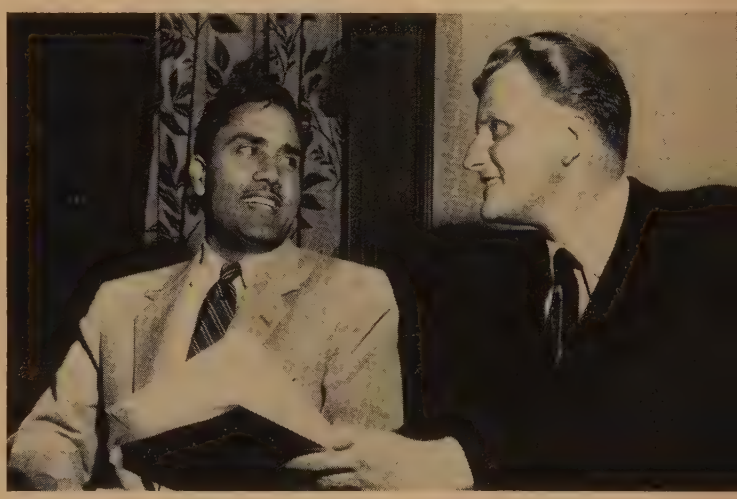
Methodists

UGGING LAYMAN. Baseball records are studded with rge Clyde Kell's honors: American League batting mp, '49; baseball's top hitter, '43; on All-Star team six s—and many more. Off the diamond, this Baltimore ole hits just as hard for our church. A member of the lowship of Christian Athletes, he addresses students, has sented his home church with two organs, was honored st at the '48 General Conference, gave a Methodist chil- n's home the color TV set he was awarded for an air- e appearance. Says a friend: "He's a great third baseman nd a greater Christian layman."



GEORGE C. KELL: Diamond records—and a mission.

TCAST FOR CHRIST. Back in his native India. Dr. bar Abdul-Haqq and his loved ones are shunned by close tives because his father, a Muslim priest, became a Chris- evangelist. As a child, Dr. Haqq learned what it means be a follower of Christ: the only Christian in a school s of 60, he was asked repeatedly why he followed our gion—which forced him to think deeply about his faith. ning The Methodist Church in Southern Asia in 1947, he sequently was granted a Crusade (Methodist) Scholar- p for study in the U.S., took his Ph.D. at Northwestern. w, as president of Henry Martyn School of Islamics, guides other young Christians as they study Moham- danism in preparation for seeking converts from its ranks. 1956 he accepted a bid to act as interpreter for Billy aham when the evangelist visited India, proved so suc- sful that he came to the U.S. as the only non-Briton, non- nerican on Graham's team. His aim now: to spearhead raham-type crusades throughout Asia.



DR. HAQQ AND BILLY GRAHAM: Asian crusade?

UGH BEAUMONT: Equally at home in a pulpit or rehearsing for new TV role.

PREACHER-PERFORMER. Flick on your TV these days and chances are you'll see Hugh Beaumont in some featured role. But this veteran of greasepaint and footlights, who's been in over 100 movies, is known equally well in the Los Angeles area as a Methodist lay preacher. He delivers frequent sermons in several churches, including Sherman Oaks, where he is a member. His wife, Kathy, with whom he is shown rehearsing as their children watch, is the daughter of one Methodist preacher, sister of another. Neighbors' view of this unusual Hollywood family: "Wonderful people."

Why are some marriages happy, others tragic? Here a thoughtful father gives his teen-age son an answer.

A Letter to Youth on LOVE AND MARRIAGE

By Leslie Keating

IF YOU COULD have watched yourself tonight, Jeff, as you roared through the house getting ready for your big date, you might understand why your mother and I chuckled when you finally slammed the door behind you. You were a storm of anxiety, and the way you raced the car out of the driveway made me cringe.

"It sure sounds like a big night," I said to Mother. "Who is it? The Dutton girl?"

"Oh, no," said Mother. "That was three months ago. This is a new one. She just transferred from North High."

"Our son must be quite a Romeo," I observed.

"Yes," Mother said, warily. "And I hope he's behaving himself."

That's what I've been thinking about for the last few hours as I tried to concentrate on the evening newspaper. I want to believe you are behaving yourself, Jeff.

You're 17 now, and next fall will mean college for you. Seventeen. That makes me a little late to discuss sex with you and maybe I'm a little early to talk about love. But there's a chance that I'm right on time for a little of both.

Let me say now, Jeff, that Mother and I may have different views on this matter of behaving yourself. If I know your mother, she'd like to keep you in the back yard until you're 23, then have you meet a nice girl, and get married, all in one day. She thinks that's how it happened with us and I'm glad. That proves she's forgotten all the fellows she knew before me, just as she made me forget the girls I knew before her.

Actually, it didn't work that way at all. There were others, and they were important. Jeff, love isn't spontaneous combustion. It's a matter of choice, a process of elimination. All those others are like preliminaries in the contest of finding the person you want to marry.

I suspect you'll follow the same pattern until you start returning again and again to a certain one because—somehow—she's got a grip on your heart, and you don't want her to let go.

Then you'll recognize each other and it will seem that there never was anyone else. That's the idea your mother has and it's a good idea if you can keep it alive.

You may think I'm premature, Jeff, to discuss marriage even before you have known love, but I don't know how to separate the two. Marriage evolves from love and marriage can't succeed without love. The attitudes you're developing now toward the girls you know will establish the pattern of your conduct toward your wife.

Marriage brought new, vital experiences to your mother and me. Now, we want to believe that it will likewise hold the same newness for you. I'm sure you understand that. I hope you've learned how to know when a little fun approaches a d gerous precipice.

What's the danger? Superficia perhaps nothing. But let me pu this way, Jeff; virginity is the fin wedding gift a man and woman give each other. The danger, th is that a moment's enthusiasm shatter everything we've tried teach you at home and through church, and it taints the heart wh some splendid girl somewhere waiting for you to offer her. Th whatever your hot-shot friends m tell you to the contrary, is a defi loss—and a sad one.

I wish I could take all the gredients, mix them, and say: "He Jeff, here's happiness." But that's the way it happens, Son. The gredients are the same for ev man and wife; it's the recipe th makes the difference. And that reci is something each couple must wo out for itself.

After having a wonderful ti with your date tonight, you'll co home thinking you've just be deeded an acre of heaven. Tha fine. And when you meet the g you want to marry, you'll think G has given you the whole place, a there's no feeling in the world li that. You'll want to make that ha piness a permanent part of your li

But don't be surprised if a sudd fear almost scares you out of m riage at the last moment. Realizi you are about to make promises y must keep for the rest of your l

enough to frighten anybody. ther and I felt that on our wed- g day. I remember she telephoned about an hour before the cere- ny.

Is anything wrong?" I asked.

No," she said. "I just wondered you're all right."

I'm fine," I said, worried by her e. "Are you?"

Yes, I'm fine," she said.

We were silent for a moment and n the horrible thought hit me. It rt to ask, "You still want to go ough with this?"

Yes," she said, almost timidly. o you?"

Sure," I said. "We'll work every- ng out all right."

Of course we will," she said— t with what seemed to be more pe than confidence.

And so we met at the altar an ur later, still scared by the bigness what we were beginning, and be- g afraid together only made us ed each other more. Being a little aid is good, because it makes you ger to please, and any changes that out from that attitude can only be provements.

But your marriage can go the her way if you forget that the oman you marry will always re- ain an individual. When the two you say, "I do," you sign an al- nce, not a surrender. Like all omen, Mother thinks that she and are not two separate people, but e soul inhabiting two bodies. hat's a nice thought, Jeff, but it uldn't be true for any married uple.

Nothing miraculous takes place hen two people marry: a man and woman who love each other merely nnounce to the world that they're oing to take a chance at the tough b of living together harmoniously. hey remain their separate selves, ith their own whims, their own terests. The harmony results from mpromising those differences. And ou can't ration those compromises; ut of your love you develop a sen- tivity that tells you when either ould step back. Whether or not ou obey that sensitivity decides how ell you're going to get along. hen an insurmountable difference rose, Mother and I have compro- nised.

You're probably not aware that one of those compromises has lasted for the 20 years we've been married. I hate bridge and Mother has never been too fond of my best friend. Therefore, when her bridge club meets I go out with my friend. Should Mother need a fourth, I fill in for her sake; and when I want my friend in for dinner, Mother is nice to him for my sake.

Simple? Yes. But so are all the problems of married life if you approach them with your head as well as your heart.

You'll find yourself conceding many decisions to your wife, and you should. She needs that as assurance of your confidence in her, just as she needs an unexpected bouquet, an unsolicited compliment, or a spontaneous kiss to tell her how much you love her.

I noticed, Jeff, that out of your desire to please your date tonight you grew increasingly excited as the big hour neared. Yet that was just a sample of what it will be like to return home to your wife each night; and when that excitement fades, merely from time and habit, an important part of your happiness will die.

If you marry the right girl, Jeff, you will never quite lose the suddenly quick heart when you hear her footstep, or her voice on the phone, or even when you find in your pocket the shopping list she wrote for you days ago.

Little things? Yes. But a happy marriage must have those minor miracles. You aren't in love only at Christmas or on birthdays or anniversaries; you're in love every minute.

However, the adjustments of being married sometimes hit a snag. When that happens, Son, you're on your own. It's like standing at the edge of a cliff with a strong wind at your back. Then, for minutes, for hours, perhaps for days, a little something nips at your heart; but suddenly comes a rush of tears and babbled apologies, and you grab at love with the violent relief that another of life's big crises is over.

Sometimes you'll think that you'll explode with love. You'll want your wife with a fury that makes you tremble and the moments when you share that hunger will be the crescendos of your love. But don't expect that every time.

You see, Jeff, a woman's love has many tender roots and she is loving you as she irons your shirts, cooks your breakfast, shops for you, or merely sits with you in the same room. Her heart and body are composed more delicately than a man's and she has less need for physical volcanoes. You must realize that, if you want your wife to look upon your private moments as the beautiful adventure they should be. You must sense when she is ready to bring you her own desires and when she merely accepts yours. Aware of the difference, it becomes your duty to sacrifice yourself for her.

Some men don't see it that way. They resent that sacrifice and every compromise they have to make. They go into marriage blind to the fact that its success results only from the countless adjustments. And so they are susceptible to the first pretty little thing strolling by, who appears more willing to demand less and give more than their wives.

And there, Jeff, is what I've been thinking about all evening since you rushed out on your date. Fidelity, in my opinion, is a law of the conscience. It is an innate loyalty to ideals a man has all his life. Infidelity is like committing treason against yourself. The haunting regret of it in a marriage must be in realizing that a man has looked away from the wife who trusts him, believes in him, shares his darkest hours.

There can't be any happiness in that. Because of it, something was intended to be good and be ful is suddenly tainted, and the no peace in knowing that you guilty of destruction.

That's what I want you to rem ber, Jeff, above everything else, then all the other things will fall place, just as I know you want t to.

By far the grandest thrills of a love are the children who bec part of your family. The fullest ment of your life, Jeff, will come first time you look down at the baby in your wife's arms. In pink, wrinkled, screeching bundl humanity is the fulfillment of all dreams of your wedding day. S denly you have a future and wrapped up in that miracle you "my kid."

Returning home each night a new importance because you be impatient for your wife's rep on the progress of this remark new being whose every momen so vital to you. And you will be patient, too, for the day when y child can cling to your fingers, you Dad, and come to you beca he is aware of who you are and c sciously loves you.

Then you will have everythi Jeff—a wife, a family, a home— of it resulting from the wonder accident of one day meeting a g with whom you exchanged p hearts and shared ideals. Rememb you have some glorious adventu ahead of you, Son.

But there is one thing more. Yo wife, your family, your home—yo entire life—can be truly valuable o if you have a guest in your hou and that guest is God.

There's been too much happin in our home, Jeff, for me to beli that you and Mother and I have c ated it all by ourselves. I think we had some outside help. And if c happiness is a reward from God the way we've lived, then I want y to go on as we are living, beca you deserve this same happiness your own home that you'll start c day.

That's why I've written this, J and why you will find it waiting you on your pillow when you retu home tonight from your big date hope you had a good time.

READER'S CHOICE

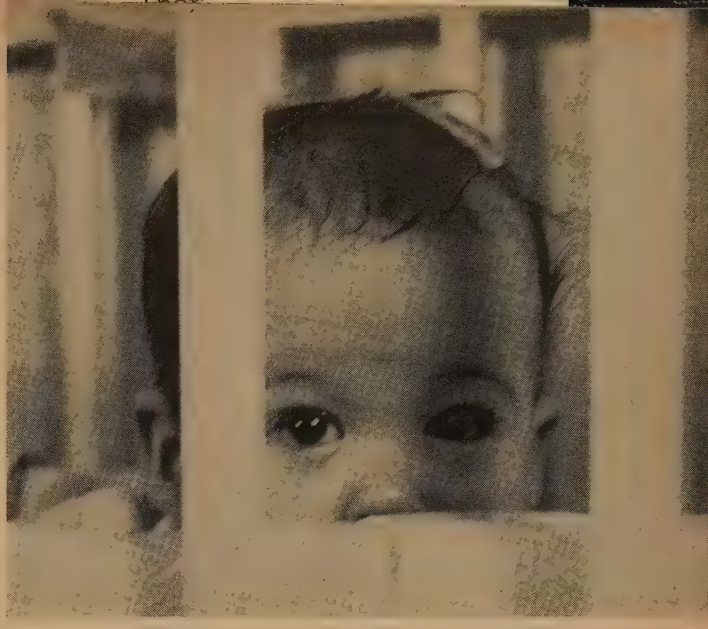
The suggestion that we share with you this thoughtful letter from a father comes from Mrs. W. M. Basnett of Lancaster, Tex., to whom we are sending $25. It is condensed from *Coronet*, September, 1951; copyright by *Esquire*, 1951.

Why not nominate your favorite short story or article? Send the title, author, source, and date to Reader's Choice Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. If you're the first to suggest it, and it's used, you'll receive a check for $25.—EDS.

BABIES

Have the Right to Live

By C. C. Cawley



Someday you may save a child—from his parents!

RECENTLY a friend of mine asked the parents of a seriously ill girl if they had called a doctor. Indignant, the parents replied their prayers would heal the child. But unfortunately the child died.

Society does have the legal right to protect children. Courts of Illinois and Missouri, for example, say the state has the legal right to step in and save a child's life even over the religious objections of parents.

In a New Jersey case, physicians testified a week-old "Rh baby" would have a 50-50 chance to live only if given an immediate blood transfusion. The parents said blood transfusions were against the teachings of the Bible. But the judge ordered the baby placed in custody of the county welfare department. The baby recovered and was returned to its parents.

Such cases draw protests from some who claim they violate the First Amendment, which reads in part: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

But just what did the framers of our Constitution have in mind by the words "free exercise"?

Suppose you are approached by a man who says: "I'm sorry, but God has commanded members of my sect to chop off all non-members' heads." If you refuse to be decapitated, have you interfered with the "free exercise" of his religion? That's silly, but it involves a question that went to the U. S. Supreme Court.

It was the many-wived Mormons who first forced the issue. In a test case in 1874, George Reynolds, who was Brigham Young's secretary, was indicted for bigamy. In a famous ruling against Reynolds, the Supreme Court clarified "free exercise" in these words:

> Laws are made for the government of actions, and while they cannot interfere with . . . religious belief and opinions, they may with practices . . . Here, as a law of the organization of society . . . it is provided that plural marriages shall not be allowed. Can a man excuse his practices to the contrary because of his religious belief? To permit this would be to make the professed doctrines of religious belief superior to the law of the land, and in effect permit every citizen to become a law unto himself. Government could exist only in name under such circumstances.

During the earlier years of this century many American parents were convicted of misdemeanor or involuntary manslaughter under child-protection statutes, but until 1938 the courts were content to stand aside until after the child was dead. The idea of stepping in to save the child's life was not tried until 1938.

A nine-year-old boy with acute appendicitis was removed from his faith-healing mother by juvenile court order and rushed to the hospital. He died, however, before the operation. The mother was convicted of manslaughter. Her pastor was tried for manslaughter but was acquitted.

In the Missouri case of Janet Lynn Morrison, in 1952, Commissioner Sperry of Kansas City Court of Appeals in affirming judgment declared:

> The United States Supreme Court has held that the regulation, or suppression, of religious *practices* is not an invasion of religious belief and opinion. . . . Every human being is endowed by God with the inalienable right to live. The fact that the subject is the infant child of a parent who, arbitrarily, puts his own theological belief higher than his duty to preserve the life of his child cannot prevail over the considered judgment of an entire people. . . . The other rights, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, are of no benefit to a dead baby.

Missouri held further that society "may punish a parent for dereliction in his duties; but society is not required to stand aside until the child is dead for want of care, but may take direct steps to preserve the life that the parents neglected to cherish."

That put into words a principle and established a legal precedent that probably never will be challenged:

A parent is free to believe and pray as his conscience directs, but he must provide proper care for his child at all times.

Suppose your neighbor does not obtain medical care for his seriously ill child. He is committing a misdemeanor under law.

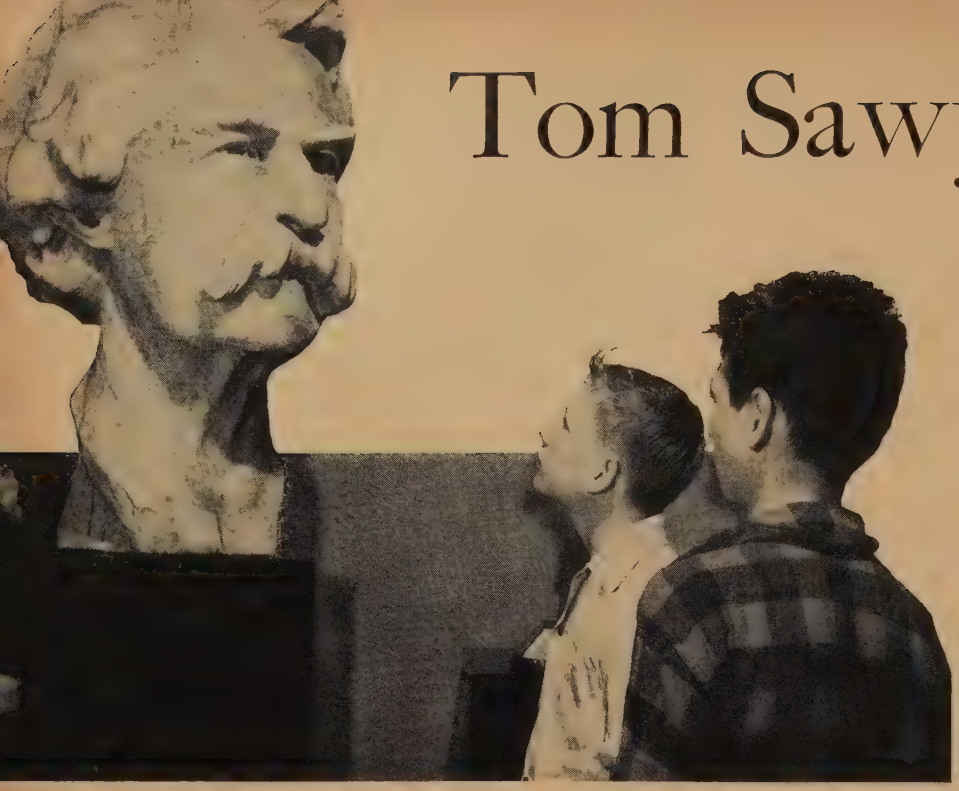
Here is what you can do—and should do:

Ask a policeman where your district court is. Some districts include several towns. Some cities extend over several districts.

Go to the clerk or judge of that district court, explaining that what you are after is not punishment for the parents but quick juvenile court intervention for the child.

If court representatives do not act, go to your attorney. He will apply to your county superior court for a writ of mandamus, commanding the district judge to perform his duty.

Tom Sawyer Town



In Hannibal's Mark Twain museum, a bust of the author never lacks admirers. Museum, adjoining Twain's old home, is filled with memorabilia of his life.

THERE are ghosts in Hannibal, M
Not the chain-rattling shades
ghost stories but the puckish spir
of two boys who can never die—To
Sawyer and Huck Finn. It was fro
the familiar surroundings of Han
bal that Mark Twain drew when h
fertile imagination gave birth
Tom and Huck. The better part
a century has slipped by sin
"Twain's boys" first stepped out
a printed page, but their happy sp
its still infest every inch of Hannib
Somehow, even the youngsters
these pages, walking where Twain
characters walked, seem—Well, don
you see an uncanny resemblance
Huck and Tom?

Modern-day counterparts of Tom and Huck stroll past Twain's home, bound for an afternoon's catfishing.

en in the midst of this modern city
u can still feel the warmth of the 1800s—
nks to the spell cast by Mark Twain.

peaceful today as in the 1800s, "Ol' Miss" still
ans leisure-time fun to Hannibal boys, 9 to 99.

ing-size wheel is one of many that felt Twain's
uch as river-boat pilot—career he began in 1857.

Mark Twain cave, scene of some of Tom's scariest adventures. Today, as in Twain's day, kids love to explore its mysteries.

Our Church's 5 Big Job

By T. OTTO NALL Editor, *New Christian Advocate*

A LAYMAN phoned the other day. "I'm down for a talk on The Methodist Church in today's world," he said. "I thought I knew something about our church but now find I need information. What's doing with Methodists everywhere?"

Suppose you had to make the same talk. You'd find, when you dug into the subject, that Methodism is on the march. What it adds up to are five great jobs—and challenges—for our church:

We need to build about one new church a day! Your own community probably shows that The Methodist Church is running a dead heat with population. Nor will that new church a day take care of the big population bulge due in the 1960s.

"By 1965 we should have more than 11 million Methodists in the United States." (There are 9.5 million now.) That's the word of B. P. Murphy of church extension. Currently, Methodists account for 5.7 per cent of the population and are the dominant Protestant denomination in 16 states and the District of Columbia.

Almost anywhere you go you can spot this surge in Methodism. In the last four years we have established 900 new congregations. We've spent $65 million for sites and first-unit buildings. Upwards of 1,300 new congregations are worshiping in temporary quarters.

And, at this rate of building, we are doing only half the job!

We have another great concern: Not only is population growing; it is shifting around. Two patterns chiefly tell the story—on the one hand, the downtown church is folding up in many large cities, and where it has remained its job has changed. On the other hand, the suburban church is booming.

Naturally, most new churches are in the new centers of populati Some of these are in the inner c where housing units have repla slums and industries have moved for cheaper rents and better transp tation, but most are suburban. Of nation's 170 million people, 42.5 m lion now live out where they can tend a smaller church in the subu

But suburbia raises special chu problems of its own. I thought layman friend might want to h what Robert A. McKibben, of department of city work, says ab it:

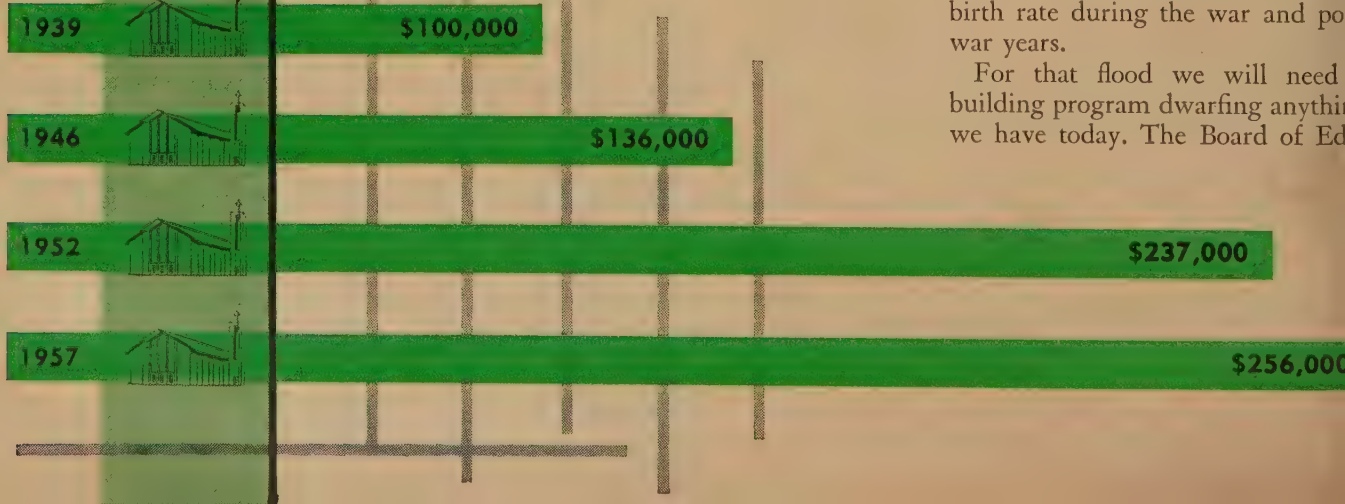
"For a long time, we Methodi considered the typical church to a sturdy, steady, self-contained c gregation in a county-seat town. N comes the suburban church with mobile population—middle-class p ple who are picked up by their c porations every few years and mov maybe across the continent. Th come into The Methodist Chur from non-Methodist, even non-Pr estant backgrounds. They need sense of community, and if they g it in Methodism, they tend to st Methodists wherever they go."

But the biggest population pr lem is yet to come—in the 19 when we get a new flood of te agers as a result of the stepped- birth rate during the war and po war years.

For that flood we will need building program dwarfing anythi we have today. The Board of Ed

OUR SKYROCKETING CHURCH COSTS

Based on original $100,000 construction cost for the same church. These figures represent average building costs in four cities—New York, Atlanta, St. Louis, and San Francisco.



on estimates 37,500 classrooms, ting $281.2 million. We will need greatest church-school teacher re- itment in history, 75,000 teachers. d we will need 250 directors of re- ous education, now nowhere in ht!

Unfortunately, we are not yet red up for the job. Church leaders mate that 3 million children and ths between 5 and 17 ought to in church-school classes, and are ! Another 1.5 million will come cking at Methodist doors within ew years. And the job must be he!

Strengthening the local church our second challenge. The Meth- st Church isn't in the business of ping up with the Joneses, but we measure ourselves against others. n many a community, Methodists w are members of a Council of urches which endeavors to look the whole population problem and ide responsibilities. Here with low Protestant bodies we build d recruit members where it's wis- and best for all of us.

"What about the Southern Bap- s?" my layman friend asked. I d to tell him that they claim they'll tnumber us Methodists by 1965. ey are establishing two new sem- aries with funds from the general urch. More than 9,000 Southern ptist churches are raising funds a gigantic building program. A ethodist leader in the South tells GETHER:

"When we can't beat them, we can ke our hats off to the Baptists—so any times we see them doing what e Methodists ought to be doing."

"And the Roman Catholics?" the yman prompted. "Across the coun- y I see signs staked out in key resi- ntial lots—'New Catholic church re.' Aren't they competitors, too?"

By its nature, the Roman Catholic hurch is often able to leapfrog the rotestants and grab off the choice roperties. It doesn't have to wait r the processes of democracy to perate.

All over the world, Roman Cathol- ism is waging a hard fight, but is determined to consolidate itself the U. S. The hierarchy centered Rome is depending on the Amer- an church.

Fortunately, we Methodists—along with all Protestants—have no reason to fear this competition. A few years ago, a Methodist survey showed that Catholics becoming Methodists outnumber the reverse four to one. There is no reason to think the ratio has changed. Far more important, we have the vast unchurched millions among whom to do our evangelistic work.

1 **Build one new Methodist church every day.**

2 **Infuse new strength in local churches.**

3 **Recruit 3,500 new ministers by 1965.**

4 **Act on the urgent social issues of the day.**

5 **Push missions in the four "lands of decision."**

So much for two great challenges —building and membership. There is a third:

Recruit new ministers. We'll need 3,500 by 1965 if we get our share of the population growth. And how are we to attract more young men and women to the ministry?

Think of the burden this puts on our colleges and seminaries. Think what it means to the homes and churches that will have to do the recruiting.

Every Sunday now we must fill the pulpits of 39,845 Methodist churches. Unfortunately, some 8,255 of these are on a supply basis. Then there are the special fields of ministry such as the military chaplaincy, posts on church boards and commissions, college, and seminary faculties.

What's holding us back?

Some say salary—though our ministers historically have brushed salary aside for the larger consideration of the church. At any rate, in these days of inflation, salary is an increasing factor. The average salary of a Methodist minister now is $3,250 a year compared with the national average of $4,170 for workers in manufacturing. It's far below professional salaries of those who devote from two to five years beyond college for study.

Generally, guidance teachers rate the ministry below engineering, television, and even football. A survey by Ralph E. Felton of Drew Theological Seminary shows that pastors and parents have the most influence in recruiting young preachers. After these, it's evangelists, college teachers, church-school teachers, missionaries, and college friends, with guidance counselors last.

Two new theological seminaries now planned will help Methodism train the new recruits. But the real job is the back-home task of getting recruits. "I can do something with that," my layman friend said.

The church has to face up to greater financial responsibility for education as well. There are 116 church-related schools, the largest with an enrollment of 12,000. To increase their effectiveness, each Methodist is asked to give $1 a year. (Last year we collected only 51 cents.) Of the 260,000 young Methodists in college or university, about half are attending Methodist-related schools. Most of the others are in tax-supported institutions, the majority of which have Wesley Foundations working with other Christian groups on the campus. Another 30 cents a year is asked for support of these 162 student centers. Last year we got eight cents apiece from our Methodist people!

But we are waking up. Annual conferences are alerting our people

A Prayer

to make your own

Henry van Dyke (1852-1933), American clergyman, essayist, poet

THESE are the gifts
I ask of thee,
Spirit serene—
Strength
for the daily task;
Courage to face the road;
Good cheer
to help me bear
the traveler's load;
And for the hours of rest
that come between,
An inward joy in all things
heard and seen.

THESE are the sins
I fain would have
thee take away—
Malice
and cold disdain;
Hot anger,
sullen hate;
Scorn of the lowly,
envy of the great;
And discontent
that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness
of a common day.

© 1904 by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1932 by Henry van Dyke. Used by permission.

to do their part in the "battle for men's minds." Illinois Conference set up two committees—one to study the church-college relationship and the second to raise $1.5 million for campus improvements. The Memphis Conference plans for every church to have a speaking contest on the value of higher education, connected with a program of scholarships. New England Southern Conference has a four-year plan for contributing to Boston University along with Wesley Foundations at Amherst and Harvard and elsewhere.

While we build churches and schools, our church faces another great challenge: **Act on the urgent social issues of the day.**

From the beginning we have been alert to social problems, and we allowed one to divide us. Reunited, after a 95-year-long separation over the slavery problem, The Methodist Church was threatened by new tensions when the General Conference met in Minneapolis in 1956. Again, the treatment of Negroes was the matter in dispute. We have 350,000 Negro members—more than all the other predominantly white Protestant churches combined. General Conference proposed a thorough study of relationships and decided that "we join other people of good will around the world in moving toward the day when all races shall share richly and without discrimination or segregation in the good things of life."

Most Methodists seem convinced that sudden integration would have done more harm than good. So the congregations wanting a change of status are working for it with their neighbors on an individual basis.

To date, only a handful of Methodist churches such as St. James in Chicago could be said to be integrated, although there are many more in which a few Negroes are in a predominantly white congregation, as in Hennepin Avenue, Minneapolis. In two cases, on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, Negro pastors serve white groups. There is no known case of a white pastor serving a Negro group.

Desegration, of course, is only one of a complex of problems having to do with human rights and freedoms. The Methodist Church pursues a vigorous action program on bel of world peace, and on the forem social and economic questions of times.

And so, finally, we have anot big job: **Carrying the gospel Asia, Africa, Latin America, a all the world.** Sixty-one cents of World Service dollar go for missio 34 for foreign and the balance home. In addition, Methodist wom annually raise about $10 million ex for missions. With these funds, support the work of 1,463 missi aries and help maintain some 16, national workers in 40 countr speaking 125 languages.

Our Methodist community ov seas numbers 777,000. Scores of U churches support ministers in ot lands.

During the next four years, Me odist missions are concentrating four main "lands of decision"—t Congo, in seething Africa; Sarawa in Southeast Asia, teetering on t brink of Communism; Korea, whi may be the first Protestant count in Asia, and Bolivia, where Prot tantism has a new opportunity nominally Catholic Latin Ameri The General Conference designat these areas for special mission effo

But our real problem is to g people—trained, resourceful, devot people. We need fresh help to w them.

In fact, "improving the quality Christian living of all our pasto and people" throughout all t churches is part of the program f the four years between 1956 and 19 General Conferences. We're tryi to strengthen our colleges, too, these days of struggle for me minds. Strong churches and stron colleges will help us get on with o jobs.

And these, I told my speechma ing friend, are our five big jobs. finished with a story: I told him a young man who came to his past with a long complaint of the inju tice, wickedness, and hopelessness the world. He ended his tirade wit a spirited criticism of God for ha ing created the world in the fir place. "I could have made a bett world myself," the young Methodi said. To which the minister replie "That's exactly what God expec you to do!"

A loving home and secure girlhood form her gateway to future happiness.

Your Daughters Are What You Make Them

By MARION STOCKER

Together in the Home

ALONG WITH the pleasures of having a daughter come awesome responsibilities. Because that girl of yours probably will be a mother herself someday. And whether she will have the warmth, wisdom, and understanding love which make a good mother depends on you; the kind of parent you are, the kind of home you give her to grow up in. This is an important link in a continuous chain, one generation preparing the next for its turn in shaping the world.

And there's a closer-to-home reason for wanting a daughter to become a mother. Many leading psychologists now say that bearing and rearing children is the only life that gives a woman complete happiness and fulfillment. How, then, do you go about training a daughter to be a good mother and homemaker —and to want that kind of life?

It's a question I've been pondering ever since I had dinner with Alice and, next day, stopped by to see Peg. You couldn't find two girls less alike.

Alice, at 28, is a successful career girl—attractive, sophisticated, living off the fat of the land. That's what you see on the outside; the inside picture isn't nearly so rosy.

Peg, on the other hand, is a mother at 23. Her days are a jumble of

diapers, bottles, runny noses, meals, dishes. Nothing glamorous here. Yet you sense an inner contentment in Peg, an ordered purposefulness.

Alice has never married. She's still looking for a man who's smarter and makes more money than she does. Men admire Alice, but they're a little afraid of her. She likes to beat them at arguments and sharpen her wit at their expense.

It isn't often that you're allowed to see beneath Alice's bright, brittle veneer. I did the other night, though, and I saw a lonely, confused girl. We were drinking coffee by the open fire in her expensive apartment when suddenly she exploded: "What's all this getting me? I ought to be married and bringing up kids. But look at me! Working like a dog to please a boss. For what? How did I land in this rat race?" She paused for just a second. Then:

"A home and children were the last things I wanted when I was a kid. Mother kept house grimly and I hated helping her. Once she told me she envied women smart enough to earn their own living and escape the drudgery of children and housework. And she never said anything good about my father until he died."

You didn't show affection in Alice's home, even if you felt it. "Loving up" and terms of endearment were considered weakness.

"Then, for my first date, Mother made me a blue dress and I loved myself in it. That night I floated downstairs to show off. Mother glanced up and said: 'What's the matter with your hair? It looks like a haystack.' That's all; afraid I'd get conceited. At the moment, I loathed her. All the bounce went out of me."

It wasn't until Alice went to college, where she worked her way through, that she began to have self-confidence. Then she vowed she'd make her own life and get ahead.

"I have, too!" she concluded defiantly. Then she added in a small voice, "For what?"

Well, how do you raise a daughter for motherhood and happiness?

Psychologists list three principles basic to the healthy emotional growth: Surround your children with love. (They must feel confident that they are lovable, or, as they grow up, they won't dare give love wholeheartedly lest it be rejected.) Guide them with judicious discipline. Teach them the good life through your example.

Alice's capacity to love didn't have a chance to grow in the barren soil of her home; the discipline roused her resentment rather than teaching her consideration of others, and, from her mother, she learned to scorn men and to see homemaking as a dreary, unrewarding life. So she decided to fight her way up alone. Alice thought she could find happiness in *getting;* she never learned the joy of *giving.*

But as for Peg—well, she has to give whether she wants to or not. I've known Peg since she was three. She married at 19, starry-eyed with love and full of trust in the future.

That was four years ago. Bob has just finished his navy stint and has his first job. Takes some figuring to make a modest income stretch for four; Winkie, three, and Peter, six weeks, are expensive luxuries.

Their home is a tiny, second-floor apartment, which looked like anything but a dream house when I stopped by one rainy afternoon. Toys littered the living-room floor; a pile of unironed clothes spilled from the dinette table; damp diapers festooned folding bars which crowded the pint-size kitchen. A washing machine gave out a vibrating whir. As Peg greeted me with her usual big smile and cordial "Hi!" other sounds added to the confusion: wails from the bedroom where Winkie protested her nap; the crying of Peter, waiting in his carriage to be fed.

"You should have warned me you were coming!" Peg laughed. "What a mess! On rainy days I think I should find a job and leave all this to someone who can do it better."

She smiled. "I don't really mean that," she added quickly. "This is my job, and, mostly, I like it." She picked up Peter and snuggled him against her shoulder. His crying stopped. Abruptly, too, the sounds from the bedroom ceased. "Winkie will be fine after her nap," Peg apologized. "When work piles up I get impatient and that upsets her. She was just plain ornery today—so I gave her a couple of spanks. 'No nonsense,' I told her. 'You need your rest.'" (That's just what Peg's mother used to say to Peg! I wondered if she knew that.)

Young mothers have a rough job, I agreed. But Peg refused to be pitied. "Really, we have the best job in the world," she insisted, "and we're crazy if we don't appreciate it. I'm my own boss. No one cracks the whip at me! Sure, it's hard work, but I can do it the way I please and when I please." Gently she shoved the business end of a bottle into Peter's mouth. "With a tired husband coming home at night, I do my best to get the work done." Again, I was reminded of her mother—hustling around in the late afternoon, sure "things will look nice and peaceful when Tom comes home."

"Peg," I asked, "didn't you ever want a career?"

"Oh," she said, "once I thought it would be exciting to be an interior decorator. But ever since I was a girl I've wanted a home and children of my own. I don't know why. Mother enjoyed cooking and making draperies and arranging flowers, and I loved to help her. I remember how important I felt when Daddy bought me a child-size cleaning kit—everything just my size."

"You got in trouble dusting though," I reminded her. "Remember how upset your mother was when you broke the crystal vase. You must have been about five then."

"Because I'd been disobedient. Mother and Daddy told me never to dust the mantel; it was too high and I might break the vase. I promised them I wouldn't, too. When Mother spanked me she said it wasn't because I'd broken the vase

A PAGE FROM YOUR LIFE?

Perhaps you have solved a personal or family problem, or you may have turned seeming misfortune to your advantage in a way which you think will be helpful and interesting to others. TOGETHER will pay $50 for any such story accepted for publication.

Manuscripts should be typewritten (preferably double spaced), must not exceed 1,000 words, and should be sent with return postage to: *Together in the Home* Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago.

because I'd broken my promise."
Good psychology, the kind you'd
ect of Peg's parents. She was
ir only child and they doted on
. But they didn't spoil her.
Peg," I said, "what are some nice
ngs you remember about your
dhood?"
Where do I begin?" she laughed.
remember so many. Picnics when
d sing three-part songs and watch
moon come up. . . . Playing
nes with Mother and Dad, and
ghing our heads off. . . . Evenings
en Mother and I sewed and
ddy read out loud. . . ."
Like Alice, Peg remembers her
t party dress—but what a differ-
memory! "It was rose-colored
eta, a real dream! Mother spent
rs making it. She helped me get
ssed that night and then we went
vnstairs to impress Dad. He said
ooked like a princess and made
ig to-do about kissing my hand.
elt like a queen!"
As I talked with Peg, some rules
raising a daughter to be a good
ther began to form in my mind.
ve her plenty of love—but not
nging love. Guide and guard, and
dually let her go her own way.
e punishment wisely, to stress
portant lessons. Teach her by
ur example that homemaking has
rth and dignity, and that it brings
eat satisfactions.
But even as I was thinking, the
droom door burst open and out
pped a tousled Winkie, full of
iles after her nap.
"Hi!" she exclaimed in exact imi-
ion of her mother. Then, trotting
er to Peg, she held out a baby doll
d said solemnly: "Mommy, Baby
hn needs his bottle."
In a gesture of pure mother de-
ht, Peg threw her arms around
e little pink figure and hugged her
se. "Baby John is Winkie's baby,"
e explained. "He came just the
me time as Peter. Keeps us busy
nding our babies, doesn't it,
rling?"
How do you train a daughter to
ant and to enjoy motherhood?
rhaps you don't train her; perhaps
s something she catches from liv-
g with you, if you like being a
memaker—just as Peg caught it
om her mother and, already,
Winkie is catching it from Peg.

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?

Something of Value ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

Here is a film which interprets the South African conflict and the Mau Mau uprising in terms of personal loyalties but with a gruesome realism that chills the blood. Rock Hudson and Sydney Poitier were boyhood friends but now are on opposite sides. Hudson eventually realizes that you cannot take away a people's customs without substituting "something of value."

This Could Be the Night ***Adults*** (+)

This is another night-club owner, gangster, ex-bootlegger fantasy, in which a pure and innocent schoolteacher (Jean Simmons) brings out the good beneath the surface of Paul Douglas and Anthony Franciosa. The efforts of these characters to become Sir Galahads provide much of the film's comedy.

The Way to the Gold ***Adults*** (+)

When Jeffrey Hunter was in prison, his cellmate told him where he had hidden gold which he had stolen years before. Now that Jeffrey is out, he takes up the trail. Sheree North, a waitress, joins him. Others who have been looking for the gold try to prevent him from getting it.

Wayward Bus ***Adults*** (—)

Throw a busload of passengers into a near accident and they inevitably get acquainted. The audience, too, learns to know something of their private lives. But in this case the characters are not appealing and the characterization is mostly on the surface, so who cares? Somehow this film version of John Steinbeck's work never gets rolling.

The Oklahoman ***Family*** (+)

Joel McCrea, a doctor, has gone to Oklahoma (in 1870) to build a new life after his wife's death. He finds the town run by villainous Brad Dexter and incurs Dexter's anger when he protects an Indian whose oil-rich land Dexter covets.

Desk Set ***Adults*** (+)

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn team up again for another solid comedy. According to the general gossip of a radio-TV network, Tracy's electronic brain is being substituted for the research department, run by Miss Hepburn. She fights back. (Many will object to the excessive drinking in the Christmas-party scene.)

A Face in the Crowd ***Adults*** (+)

A film that poses the question: How shall we use TV? This picture should be seen by all thoughtful Americans. Andy Griffith, a man of tremendous magnetism but no moral principles, rises from a filthy county jail to become the "country boy" TV star of the nation. Then he uses his popularity to sell reactionary politicians along with pills.

Gunfight at O.K. Corral ***Adults*** (+)

A smash Western. Burt Lancaster (playing Wyatt Earp—law) saves Kirk Douglas (Doc Holliday—gambler, outlaw) from a lynch mob. Kirk returns the favor in the blazing battle between Burt and cattle-rustling ranchers at Tombstone, Ariz. He is not so kind to his mistress, Jo Van Fleet.

Joe Butterfly ***Family*** (+)

Audie Murphy is a photographer on the army magazine, *Yank*, which moves into Tokyo after the Japanese surrender and attempts to get out a first issue amid the confusion. Joe Butterfly (Burgess Meredith) is a friendly, pocket-lining Japanese whose aid is invaluable, if a trifle expensive. Trite situations and the usual drinking scene to celebrate the end of the war somewhat mar the comedy.

Johnny Tremain ***Family*** (+)

An authenticated, inspiring, historical drama of the early days of the American Revolution, as seen through the eyes of Hal Stalmaster (Johnny Tremain).

The Lonely Man ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

A Western with Jack Palance as a reformed gunslinger who wants to settle down. He finds his son, Anthony Perkins, whom he left 17 years before. The boy hates his father.

"He took me to the burying ground and lifted a wisp of ivy from an old gravestone."

eartbreak is a sickness that can be cured and here's

How the Deckers Did It

By LONGSTREET STEVENS

N OUR street, when I was a d, stood the house of Mr. and s. Decker. It wasn't much of a se, unless you were a clerk in a dware store and were very happy h hens and a garden, a wife as as your shoulder, and a small son med Roger.

Mr. Decker was a neat little man o carried a cane because he had e injured his leg when he drove vagon off a bridge to keep from ing a dog. He had little thin ds and a thin face. Everything ut him was thin and neat except large blond mustache, which he s always combing with his fingers. He and Mrs. Decker dreamed of day when Roger would go out o the world and be a great man. I ow that, because Roger used to l me about it. He was amused at parents' hopes for him.

Roger was no good, but his parents d not know it. We all played oky sometimes, but he seldom ent to school at all. We all swiped ples and such things occasionally; t Roger stole brass lamps and tore d pipes from empty houses and ld them to a junkman who patted m on the back and asked for more.

When Roger was 12, his father and other bought an orchard near their operty. It was to be a birthday gift their son. They would sell the uit every year and put the money vay so he could go to college. At s birthday party Roger said the monade was sissy stuff and that the nkman was giving him real beer. Roger grew into a great lout whose outh twisted into a leer at anything e smaller kids believed in. Everyning was "the bunk" to him, and he ad secret friends we saw him with sometimes. (Our parents warned they would fan us skinless if we ever joined them.)

But Mr. and Mrs. Decker were fine people. They worked hard, and sang in church, and gave money to causes—money they could ill afford. Every year the fruit in their orchard was sold, and the proceeds went into a bank account called Roger's College Fund.

Mr. and Mrs. Decker never seemed to understand about Roger. They said he was "headstrong." They must have expected a future great man would be like that.

Roger died one night when he was 16, behind a coalyard, from a bullet wound in his throat. The little steel safe inside the coalyard office was open and a small payroll was missing. The night watchman who shot Roger said he had had to do it.

When they buried Roger, his parents put up a stone with just ROGER DECKER on it. Nothing else, not even the date of his birth and death.

The years went by. Mr. and Mrs. Decker tended the apple trees, and Mr. Decker sold nails and house paint and explained the new electric iceboxes to his customers. He no longer looked as if he were dreaming and he never sang in church.

One winter night the railroad guards picked up a boy named Jimmy who had a bag of coal that he had stolen from the railroad yards. They took him to court. The boy said his family was cold and he had only taken a little coal to keep them warm, but the judge said an example had to be made of him, and so Jimmy was to be sent away.

Mr. Decker didn't come home that afternoon. He'd heard about Jimmy and had gone to court. The judge finally agreed that if Mr. Decker would speak for Jimmy and see that it didn't happen again, the boy would be released.

Three years later the Deckers sold the orchard to a real estate company that put up a row of little houses on it, and Jimmy went away to college. Mr. and Mrs. Decker went down to the depot to see him off. Mrs. Decker kissed him. Mr. Decker shook his hand and gave him his grandfather's old silver stem-winding watch. The town said it was just like the Deckers: once wasn't enough—they wanted to break their hearts *twice*.

That year Jimmy won a history prize. Three years later, after winning more honors, he went to England on a scholarship. He came back a tall, energetic young man, stayed a short while, and then went away again. Mr. Decker walked very slowly with him to the depot.

Well, Jimmy went on to become the president of a famous university. One of the most respected and widely loved men in this country today, he is truly a great man.

Not long ago I went back to the town and to the street where the Deckers lived. About four o'clock an old man, walking very slowly with a cane, came up the street. As he greeted me, his thin, tired hands combed back a heroic mustache from an old, thin face.

He took me to the burying ground and lifted a wisp of ivy from an old gravestone. On it, almost too dim to see, were the words: ROGER DECKER.

And under the name, freshly cut, were the numerals *1900*—. The last date was still to be filled in.

Lofty Pikes Peak in Colorado has inspired millions of vacationers to meditate . . . and unlimber their cameras! Sixty-two years ago the panoramic view stirred a schoolteacher named Katharine Lee Bates to compose the poem, America the Beautiful. *Later set to music, it became a popular hymn . . . some say a second national anthem.*

The best of 12,000 photos portraying . . .

America the Beautiful

You can't see America without thanking God for the bounties and beauties of our land—her fields in harvest, her deserts in bloom, teeming commerce, skyscraper cities, and, above all, free men with the spirit and the strength to match our mountains.

Many people have written about these blessings—notably Katharine Lee Bates who penned the beloved poem-hymn, *America the Beautiful.* And so last fall we decided to illustrate this moving poem with color photos. Mindful that it's a rare Methodist who doesn't click a camera, we invited TOGETHER readers to help us.

You should have seen the response! You swamped us! First we had four or five entries a day, then 50, then 150! Files bulged and before long we had to set aside a small room just to take care of your offerings. We appreciated your friendly notes—seemed like chatting with you. "I don't by any means consider myself an outstanding photographer," wrote one modest reader. "Just thought I'd send these in for the fun of it." Another snapshooter wrote: "Our family certainly had a good time going back through some 2,000 slides covering more than 10 years' fun together."

We had a good time, too—and work! How do you go about judging 12,000 color photos? Our photo chief took on the first important screening job himself. Piling the whole load into his station wagon, he headed home where he locked himself up for a solid week of picture looking. "I feel as if I'd taken a coast-to-coast trip," he reported. "When I finished I had a new feeling for America—and appreciation for our photo fans." Bleary-eyed but triumphant, he marched back into the office with his first tentative selection—375 top transparencies!

Then six of TOGETHER's editors plunged into the final judging. We looked for two things: (1) pictures that caught the spirit of America; (2) technical quality. Finally, we agreed on 15 photos which appear on the cover and these pages. We had a tough job left—returning the 12,000-plus photos that couldn't be published. This took us another three weeks, with just about everybody in the office typing labels and stuffing envelopes.

We think it was worth it and we believe you will agree. We wish we might have printed dozens more pictures, for they were that good. As it is, we know now that our churchgoers, mothers, businessmen, ministers, students are photographers, too. Someday we'll ask your help again. But for now, our hearty thanks—and wherever you are in this beautiful country, we wish you further good shooting!—THE EDITORS

Eva Luoma, Weirton, W. Va., took this sunset with a view camera, Ektachrome, f 4.5, one second.

O beautiful for spacious skies,

for amber waves of grain,

A Leitz pola-screen was used by Townsend Godsey, Branson, Mo., for this cricket-eye view of a Kansas wheat field. Leica, 50 mm Xenon lens, Kodachrome exposed at 1/50, f 4.5.

For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain . . . .

Early-morning sunlight on a meadow near Jackson Hole, Wyo., gave Mrs. Bessie Dulgar, Newton, Ill., a fitting subject for her Argus C-3. She took this picture on Kodachrome, with a lens setting of f 4.5. The photograph was made last summer on a family vacation trip.

O beautiful for
pilgrim feet,
whose stern,
impassioned stress
A thoroughfare
for freedom beat
across the
wilderness!

At the 60th anniversary of the Cherokee land rush, 1893, George Chyka, Sedan, Kan., photographed Eva Wintermute, then over 82. She took part as a bride-to-be of 17 in a calico dress like this. Photo with 4x5 Crown Graphic, Ektachrome, lens set at f 5.6 at 1/100.

Family viewing the Constitution, taken by Robert Rose, Lawrence, Kan., with Kodak 4x5 view camera, Ektachrome daylite film, 50B bulb and strobe, open flash at f 8.

America! America! God mend thine every flaw, C

thy liberty in law

proved in liberat

their country lov

The Rev. Wilfred Hansen, New Britain, Conn., used a Kodak Signet camera to catch this sunset at Shelter Island, training center of his conference.

hy soul in self-control,
utiful for heroes
, Who more than self
nercy more than life!

E. Leslie Medford, Jr., Arlington, Va., used a Kodak 35 with Kodachrome, f 8 at 1/50 to record the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific in Hawaii, where now rest U.S. dead from World War II.

The Rev. F. E. Howard, Greensboro, N.C., focused his Exakta VX on the Iwo Jima memorial statue in Washington, D.C., 58 mm lens, Kodachrome, f 11 at 1/50. Photographer used a tripod to insure crisp image.

America! America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness, and every gain divine.
O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears.

A Sunday-school lesson on the United Nations was filmed by Mrs. Leslie Bever, Webster Groves, Mo., at Grace Methodist Church, St. Louis. The teacher is her daughter. She used an Argus C-3 with telephoto lens, blue flash bulb, Kodachrome, f 4 at 1/30.

To make this remarkable night shot of Columbus, Ohio, Larry A. Gardner put his Argus C-3 on a tripod, opened the lens to f 3.5 and made a five-minute exposure on daylight Anscochrome. He likes after-dark color photography because of the varied and interesting light effects.

This nugget of gold, found in a stream near Virginia City, Mont., was photographed by W. E. Jensen, Billings, with 2¼ x 3¼ Speed Graphic, Ektachrome film, f 16 at 1/10.

America! America!
God shed his grace
on thee; And crown
thy good with brother-
hood from sea to
shining sea.

Scarritt College (Nashville, Tenn.) students posed in a colorful group for Betty J. Cox, Washington, D. C. She used an Argus C-3, Kodachrome, f 5.6 at 1/100.

At Seaside, Ore., Mrs. Ken Langer, Des Moines, Iowa, "shot" her husband against the sunset. Ansco Super Regent, Kodachrome 1/60.

You Can Take *Better* Vacation Pictures

YOU'RE OUT picnicking and Junior spills the lemonade. He scowls and scrubs . . . and you catch the cleanup in a color snapshot.

You're driving to the lake for two weeks of family fun. Sister falls asleep in the back seat. You slow the car to a gradual stop, then shoot her siesta.

Years later, when both are away at college, you'll chuckle over the pictures—and relive the happy moments.

It's easy to take good vacation pictures . . . the kind that kindle memories. You don't need a fancy camera—just use your ingenuity, standardize on one or two types of film, and follow carefully the exposure directions in each film box. If you own an exposure meter, so much the better.

Take lots of pictures. Photograph all those moments of drama and excitement, and don't overlook those typical vacation doings—cleaning fish, packing lunch, gassing up the car (with Junior holding the tire gauge), packing, studying road maps. There are picture possibilities almost every minute.

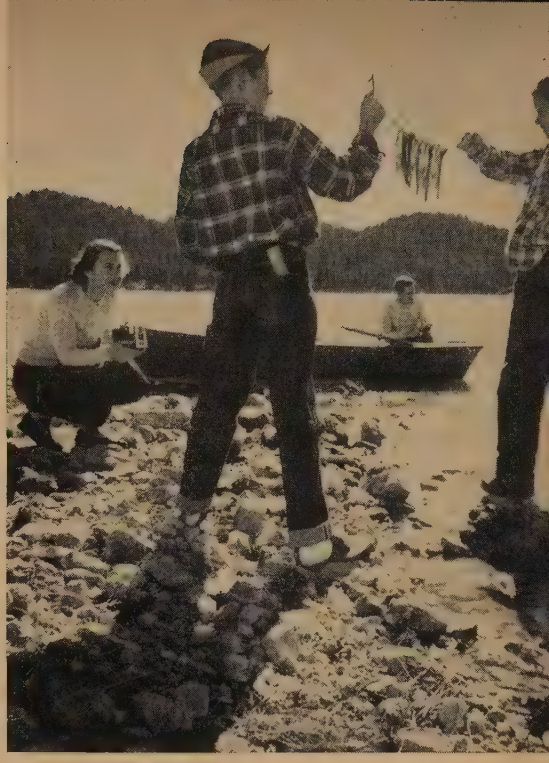
Experts say camera movement ruins more amateur pictures than anything else. So hold your camera steady. Gently squeeze—don't punch—the shutter release. And don't get closer than five or six feet . . . or your photo may turn out fuzzy as a kitten. (You can move in closer with a more expensive camera.)

And don't get too far back! If Grandma looks like a speck in your view finder, she'll be almost invisible in the finished picture.

Keep exposed film out of hot places or it will cook! Avoid auto glove compartments and direct sunlight. And change films in the shade.

With color film, include bright scenery, buildings, clothes in each picture. And keep in the sunlight! Color pictures shot in the shade usually are disappointing.

If you pay careful attention to the film recommendations and use your ingenuity, you'll get some priceless vacation pictures.



Take time to plan *each photo. Here the fish will be emphasized as the photographer crouches for low-angle view.*

Good backgrounds. *The waterfall here helps to recall the visit. Before shooting move around, looking through view finder to place important objects where they give significance.*

Show some activity. *Pose family to show each person doing something funny or typical. This provides lasting memories.*

Use the light *to dramatize most important parts of a picture. Here, sunlight over boy's right shoulder accents the profile against the background.*

Encourage children *by providing an inexpensive camera. Junior's snapshooting gives him added vacation fun . . . and participation in a family project.*

Comings and goings *make good vacation photos. Get a neighbor or friend to shoot your departure, unpacking at motels. Ask help from passers-by, too.*

Name Your Hobby

If you have a hobby that might interest 900,000 TOGETHER subscribers, why not share your experiences with them? Start the ball rolling by writing to Hobby Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Meanwhile, we'll continue to publish names of other hobbyists each month. You'll be listed if you send your name, address, and hobby interest to the address above. (Pen Pal entries are limited to those 18 or under.)—EDS.

Amateur Radio:
Dorothye White, 31 S. Mill St., Naperville, Ill.

Antique Glass Slippers:
Marjorie D. Layton, 8 Division St., Newton, N.J.

Antique Toys:
Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Bailey, 711 Brodaway, Milton, Pa.

Auto Camping:
Dorothy Dilger, 31 Holly Dr., New Rochelle, N.Y.

Bookplates:
Mrs. B. P. Young, 117 The Parkway, Ithaca, N.Y.

Buttons:
Mrs. Lucy Oliver, 1101 E. 8th, Winfield, Kan.; Mrs. P. E. Parrish, 4341 E. 11th Pl., Gary, Ind.; Mrs. B. H. Moon, 613 E. D, Hutchinson, Kan.; Mrs. B. F. Browning, 223 NE 28th Ave., Portland, Ore.; Mrs. W. T. Gordon (button gardens), 1420 Marshall, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Gale K. Young, 315 N. Texas Ave., Tavares, Fla.

Campaign Buttons:
Walter Draheim, 315 Dean St., Woodstock, Ill.; Jim Goodner, 1926 SE Blvd., Evansville, Ind.

Church Bulletins:
Samuel J. Schaefer, 3709 N. 53rd St., Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Maurice Wendel, Manchester, Iowa; Paul Streif, R.R. 2, Clear Lake, Wis.; Beverly Morse, Manson, Wash.

Church History:
Mrs. W. W. Jackson, 2136 W. Summit Ave., San Antonio, Tex. (19th-century Methodism).

Coins:
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Dr. G. O. Pasmore, 316 W. Pearl St., Union City, Ind.

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Guns:
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Indian Relics:
G. L. Shindledecker, 319 Hill St., Reynoldsville, Pa.

Knives:
Melvin L. Johnson, Rt. 3, Box 134, Mt. Horeb, Wis.

Matchbooks:
Linda Sand, 46 MacDonald, Brush, Colo.

Pencils:
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Victrola Records, Operatic:
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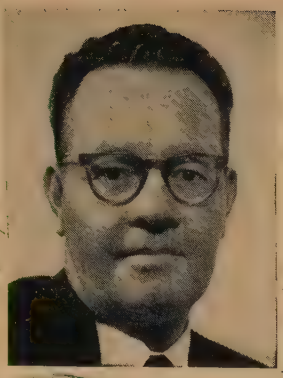


"Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph. D.

Teens Together

With an ex-teen-ager

Q *What happens after you get mad and slap a girl? I'm 14. I've been going with a friendly girl who is 13. All of a sudden she got to acting silly. I started to kiss her good night and she put her hands up over her mouth. So I slapped her. I was sorry right afterward, but she wouldn't listen. Now she dates another boy. Shall I fight him?—H.K.*

A Tell her you're sorry and are going to stop bothering her. You've lost her. Don't try to keep her from dating another boy. And don't fight him. Never try rough stuff with girls.

Q *In my family we have a bothersome dog. When my girl friend spent the night with me the dog tore her clothes. My father just laughed about it. I think we should pay for those clothes. What do you think?—E.B.*

A You should pay for her clothes or at least repair them. Next time, put her clothes in a tightly closed closet and shut the dog up for the night.

Q *I'm a boy of 14. My best friend lives across the street. He's 14, too. All of a sudden he gets going around with girls. Will I ever be that way? I hope not!—C.B.*

A Some boys become interested in girls earlier than others, but eventually they all do. You will, too.

Q *Recently you said it is better for a Protestant girl not to have many dates with a Catholic boy. Your advice came a bit late for me. I'm engaged to a devout Catholic. Already we're having arguments. I cannot understand why I'd have to be the one to give in and permit our children to be raised Catholics. Nor do I see why we would have to be married by a priest instead of my minister. Is he being fair to me?—K.N.*

A You are beginning to see it takes more than love to make a good marriage. Protestant churches are more flexible in interfaith marriages than the Roman Catholic Church. If your husband-to-be is to stay true to his church he cannot compromise. Fairness doesn't enter into his decision. His children must be raised in his church. Conflict over such matters is one reason for the high divorce rate in interfaith marriages.

Q *I'm a boy of 15. I've been going steady with a girl for over a year. All of a sudden I don't want to spend so much time with her. She hasn't changed, but I have. I want to go out with another girl. Dare I?—R.B.*

A Yes. This problem is inevitable if you start going steady in the early teens. Be kind to your girl. Be sure she's the first one to know how you feel. Let her have a chance to save face. You'll probably change girl friends several times in the next few years.

Q *How can I tell right from wrong? I'm 16 and secretly engaged to a boy of 17. I went to a meeting for engaged girls, led by a woman marriage counselor. The other girls were past 20. The counselor said that as long as engaged couples really love each other there need be no limits to their love-making. She said sex freedom before marriage makes for happiness after marriage. My mother always told me the opposite. I asked our minister. He said the counselor was misguided and her advice dangerous. Still, it would be easy to believe her. She was wrong, wasn't she?—L.D.*

A Yes, she was wrong. Many crimes are being committed in the name of marriage counseling. Ever since Dr. Kinsey said sex freedom before marriage might be good we've been plagued with bad marriage counseling. That meeting certainly was not for girls your age.

Our high Christian standards of right and wrong came from the Bible and clearly forbid premarital sex. There is a practical as well as an ethical basis for the prohibition. Those who ignore it find themselves in conflict at home, at school, and in the community. They are at war within themselves, too. They suffer spiritually. Go back to your minister. He will help you.

Q *I'm a girl in high school and very small. I used to worry about it. Then I decided to make a joke of it. Now when anybody mentions my size I laugh and say something like, "It takes only a little dynamite to make a big explosion." That seems to satisfy everybody but my brother. He's 19 and in college. He tells me I'm not facing my problem. Is he right?—S.D.*

A He is wrong. You're handling things nicely.

Q *Is it right for my father to dictate my friendships? I'm a boy of 15. My buddy is the same age. However, his folks have troubles. They get drunk and fight. His younger sister is going*

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

Reckoning Up The Good

By ROY L. SMITH

ALICE had been a devoted church woman most of her life and had given generously of time and interest to the work of the women's societies.

Then came a day when, by an unfortunate combination of circumstances, she was terribly hurt. Some careless words were spoken, a hurried action was voted unanimously by her Circle, and she was left with a wound from which she suffered dreadful agonies.

In the midst of loneliness, while her tears were still flowing freely and her frantic prayers were little more than incoherent cries, God contrived to get a suggestion through her disordered thinking. It came in the form of the memory of an old gospel song she had sung hundreds of times—*Count Your Many Blessings.*

Lifting her head from her hands, and crossing the room to her desk, Alice got out a pencil and pad, and began doing that very thing.

At the top of the page she made a notation of a time, not long before, when she had received a kindness from one of the women who had inflicted the wound from which she now was suffering.

Then she jotted down the fact that when she had been given the chairmanship of an important committee the society had unanimously voted her its thanks. The vote had been accompanied by words of appreciation by the same president who had engineered the group's recent action.

One of the women who had voted the motion had come to Alice a few weeks earlier and had paid her a great compliment: she had confided in Alice a serious secret, saying, "I am telling you all this because I know I can trust you." And that went down on the list.

By this time a considerable number of lovely memories were emerging. Within 15 minutes the list covered most of two sheets and some notations represented evidence of friendship and affection that were really significant. But best of all, Alice found herself in an entirely different frame of mind.

"It was not that the little exercise changed the facts in the least," she told her pastor. "I still think the women were careless and wrong. But when I began to make out the list I discovered that one cruel act did not represent the average of their attitudes.

"As a matter of fact," she continued, "I thought I would try an experiment. I tried to make another list of all the unkind and cruel things they had done in the last year, and I suddenly found myself humiliated. This recent thing was the only one I could think of. And when I balanced it against all the kindnesses I had received from them I decided that the scales were heavily overweighted in favor of the lovely. I therefore decided to overlook the affront and rejoice in the gracious."

Let us rejoice, too—in the spiritual victory Alice won in the midst of bitterness and woe. But let us also remember that God heard her when she prayed and sent her the suggestion to "count her many blessings."

There was no thunder from the clouds and no flash of light in the sky. In fact, there was no miracle of any kind that anyone could see or hear. But the Holy Spirit, in a quiet and unobtrusive way, pointed out the escape and Alice was sensible enough to accept the suggestion.

to have a baby. He himself is on proba tion. My father has forbidden me to g to my friend's home. He says I'm no to see him, except at school. Must submit?—A.B.

A I think you should. Your dad knows that some good boys have done bad things when with the wrong companions. He is trying to keep you from getting into trouble and I suggest you follow his advice.

Q *One of our school friends went to a beauty parlor and had a bright color rinse put on her hair so it would match her new dress. When she went to school the teachers and principal were upset. They sent her home to get her hair shampooed. She was out of school quite a while. Where does our principal get the right to send her home?—L.A. and C.J.*

A The law gives your principal the power to do such things. He knows that odd fads can sweep through a school, upsetting classes. Part of his job is to prevent such fads from starting. That's what he is doing in this case.

Q *I fell in love with a wonderful boy at camp last year. He promised to write but never did. He lives several hundred miles away. I've learned that he has gone out with other girls all year. Boys in my classes have asked for dates but I've declined. I love that boy too much to go out with anyone else. Should I go to camp again and risk seeing him?—H.I.*

A All sensitive girls and boys go through the turmoil you are experiencing. They find they like a person much more than that person likes them. So they suffer. The quickest way to get over it is to force yourself to have dates with other boys. Live a normal life. Go to camp if you can. If the boy is there, treat him casually. Think of him as part of your education and nothing more.

GOT TEEN-AGE PROBLEMS? *Write to Dr. Barbour. As head of the public-school counseling system in San Diego, Calif., he knows the field and is expertly qualified to help you. Address him: Dr. Richmond Barbour, c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*

No "Stone Face" here as Sullivan swaps sallies with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz in TV rehearsal.

By Ed Sullivan
As told to Michael Sheridan

What Makes TV Stars Shine?

EVERY moment is a thriller!

That's my answer to a question I often asked: "What's the most memorable incident in your television career?" But if I'm really pressed, I tell about Josh Logan.

We were to do *The Josh Logan Story*—Josh's own life in the theater since he left Princeton. "You know," he confided between rehearsals, "at the height of my success I had a nervous breakdown and went to a sanatorium. I'd like to say something about that. . . ."

"It would be wonderful," I told him, "but it's up to you."

On the big night, Josh was standing backstage with Leland Hayward. The show had only 15 minutes to go. As I came off, he pulled me aside. "We're not going to get a chance to do that, are we?" he asked anxiously. "But it's the *only* thing I want to do! This is turning into just a parade of triumphs. It's galling. I want to do this other thing—to be of some help to people."

We quickly brought the act to a close and Josh stepped forward, terribly nervous.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he started, "this show is tremendously flattering to me—but I want to talk to you about the people who still cling to the old superstitions about a mental breakdown. I am here to ask you to revise your whole thinking—because it happened to me. I was sent to a sanatorium."

Then he described his case and closed with a plea that mental illness not be treated with fear and shame. The audience was stunned for a moment—then went wild. I have never heard such a burst of applause.

That courageous act by Josh Logan helped rescue a floundering mental-health drive. It also led to changes in state laws and court decisions concerning the mentally ill.

Maybe it's a cause-effect relationship, but I've noticed the bigger the stars are the more they remember to do gracious little things. For example, when Margot Fonteyne returned to England, she timed a cable of appreciation to hit our next Sunday performance at exactly the moment I went on stage.

"Dear Ed," her telegram said, "Despite the five-hour difference of time and 3,000 miles separating us, we are thinking of you and the show. Please notify Ray Block that our music never has been played so well."

Completely unexpected, that cable was a gesture to warm the heart's cockles!

One of the really great new comedians of our time is "Mr. Pastry," an Englishman by the name of Richard Hearne. He was greatly struck by the very strong bond between the Dutch and the early days of New York. On his next trip, he brought me a 12-pound cannonball, dating back to 1637, as a gift. It was one of the missiles that had been fired by the Dutch fleet in a successful raid on England.

When I looked at that cannonball, and thought of anyone's taking the trouble to bring me an inconvenient thing like that, I was deeply touched.

Among the nicest people I know is Jack Benny. He is completely normal, thoughtful, sentimental. Once my wife and I went unexpectedly to Florida; nobody knew we were going—we didn't know ourselves until the last moment. But on Monday morning Jack telephoned. He'd traced us from New York just to say, "I wanted to tell you last night's show was great!"

You hear a lot about professional jealousy in the theater—the people who, though at the top, can never refrain from a little dig or disparaging comment on someone else's performance. I've learned that isn't true of the great actors. They are even more impressed by a rival's performance than the general audience.

I'm thinking of the night we were

In his memento-rich den and study, Sullivan works at a script as his wife serves up a late snack.

doing the *Robert E. Sherwood Story* when Alfred Lunt was to make his television debut in a scene from *There Shall Be No Night*. Lunt's scene was in a Finnish schoolroom, with guns thundering outside. Five distinct types of people who have a horror of war asked Lunt, as the Nobel Peace Prize winner, to explain war.

"There's often a necessity for it," he said, "but not much defense." Removing the Red Cross insignia from his sleeve, he strapped on a holster and gun, and as the curtain dropped he said: "There comes a time when one can't be passive about these things—when one must fight."

Standing in the wings were two other famous actors appearing in the show—James Mason and Raymond Massey. Silently they watched Lunt's rehearsal; then Mason said to Massey, "Thank God, I made one stipulation in my contract. I agreed to go on the show—provided I didn't have to follow Alfred Lunt."

With a sigh, Massey returned, "I wasn't that smart. Unfortunately I do have to follow him—but I'm doing Lincoln's farewell speech in Illinois and perhaps Lincoln will emancipate me as well as the slaves. I couldn't do it alone!"

Something else I've learned after eight years as emcee for CBS-TV "Toast of the Town" is that judging an act is like reading a fever chart. Often I see kids who come up because of one record hit. If they're careless in rehearsal, sloppy in appearance, and become temperamental, I know they won't last. To go places, they need an eagerness inside that makes them rehearse until their act is flawless.

All the big ones, from Sophie Tucker to Gracie Fields, Boyer, Yehudi Menuhin and the rest, have a dedication to perfection and they'll rehearse to a point that's incredible. No effort is too great for a big personality to make sure that a tiny detail is perfect.

The English boy, David Whitfield, for example, not only has an exceptionally fine singing voice, but he's tireless in rehearsal. So is Beatrice Lillie. She may be doing a sketch she's done hundreds of times in revues, but she will rehearse and rehearse *and rehearse*—and then rehearse some more. She's just as rigid with self-criticism as in picking flaws in someone else.

Audrey Hepburn has been a new star over Broadway, but no one really knew whether she was going up or not. But I'd seen her work; I knew. She organized the rehearsals for her group, got them together, and rehearsed them backstage. Each time she came on the stage, Audrey knew exactly what she was doing—and so did everyone around her. She was a ways amenable to suggestions, eve on reading her lines. That, in m book, is a real "pro."

Hardest problem on my show not the handling of the bigge names, but the small ones. I've neve had to change my plans about the a pearance of a star, but I've had t yank many a smaller act because neglected rehearsals.

Some feel that what they've don for 20 years is good enough for fiv minutes before the TV cameras. Bu that's not so. Sixty seconds on TV precious. A vignette of someone talents that represents whole years experience and performance has t stand out.

What always surprises me, though is that big as they are, veteran per formers can still suffer from stag fright. Rita Hayworth was almos palsied with fright before her TV de but. And once when Dorothy La mour went out into the audience t put leis on Hopalong Cassidy an his wife, she walked right past them She was so scared, she actually didn recognize two of her best friends.

All sorts of unsuspected thing come out that reveal characters when you work with big names, as I do.

Shortly after Ben Hogan's car acci dent, I asked him to go on my show after he finished the U.S. Open Gol Tournament in Philadelphia. Hi veins had been severed and tied off and until the auxiliary veins grew strong enough to carry the extra load the doctors had told him not to play more than nine holes a day lest the strain cripple him for life. But he had been playing 18 holes and because o a tie was facing a play-off of 36 holes

I offered Ben $1,000 for an ap pearance—win, lose, or draw. He said "You've got a deal." A few days later another TV producer offered him $1,500 if I would release him. So I called Hogan and told him frankly, "I can't match it and I'd like to see you make the extra money. Feel free to accept it."

Hogan boiled! "Wait a moment!" he said. "You offered me $1,000 win lose, or draw. These other people sat back and waited until I won, and then offered $1,500. You took a chance on me—and I'll stick with you!"

I like actors—but love audiences.

And I've learned much from them. The TV public is warm and affectionate, loyal to fine performers, and reacts quickly to inspiration. I remember well when Lillian Roth stepped onto our stage. Americans traditionally admire good sportsmanship and combat against heavy odds, and Lillian's fight against alcoholism of which she wrote so frankly in *I'll Cry Tomorrow* made her appearance memorable to the nation.

On our show we present Negroes not as buffoons or subnormal creatures, but as themselves and with dignity. Never once with a Negro performer have I had to question material, performance, or costume. As a group, Negro performers have the finest taste.

There used to be a legend in radio that any show using Negro performers would be automatically banned in the South. I refused to believe it and so our second "Toast of the Town" featured the Ink Spots—and we've always had a top rating in the South.

Audiences size up performers uncannily well. Mrs. Catherine Krizer, who won $32,000 on the "$64,000 Question" because of her astounding knowledge of the Bible, is a fine woman with a sense of humor and deep integrity. That these qualities were not missed by our TV audiences was evidenced by a tremendous volume of letters.

So it goes with TV. My every moment with it is a thriller—because from it I learn how fine and decent are so many of my fellow human beings. Maybe that's why friends say I grin more than I used to. Anyway, it has been a long time since someone has legitimately called me "The Great Stone Face."

How to lose—ad-libbing *with Bob Hope.*

The Link

VISITORS to our nation's capital often worship at New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, made nationally famous by the movie, *A Man Called Peter,* and by the fact that President Lincoln attended there. And, almost without exception, they are intrigued by an unusual Bible-opening ceremony which precedes each service—a simple, dignified rite some have suggested using in our Methodist churches.

Two minutes before the ringing of the chimes which marks the start of the service, the beadle enters, walks to the lectern, and carefully opens a large, heavy Bible resting there to the day's Scripture lesson. Because of the Bible's large size, this isn't quite the quick and easy task it sounds; it actually requires most of the two minutes before the service starts. The Bible opened, the beadle turns, opens a door to the pulpit, and the pastor strides briskly in. Then the beadle leaves.

This simple rite dates back to early Christianity and, in fact, has its roots in ancient synagogue services in which the Torah was carried in with reverence and worshipers even touched the sacred scroll with their ceremonial neck scarves. The Eastern branch of the Christian church carried on a similar procession and veneration of the Bible, but in the West the ceremony waned as the authority of the Bible lessened and that of the bishops and popes increased.

However, during the Reformation the age-old ceremony was restored. This was particularly true in Scotland, the land with which the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church has especially strong ties.

In the Church of Scotland, the beadle carries the Bible and hymnal solemnly into the pulpit, puts them in place, and returns to the pastor's study. Then he precedes the minister to the stairs and stands while the pastor ascends into the pulpit, after which the beadle climbs the steps and closes the pulpit door.

As Dr. George M. Docherty, Scottish-born pastor of New York Avenue, explains it: "Like all other ceremonies, there lies a spiritual principle behind this little touch of liturgy. As the entrance of the mace symbolizes the corpus of law and justice, so the entrance of the Bible symbolizes the centrality of our worship—the declaration of God's holy Word."

Until recently, the Washington service opened with the carrying in of the Bible. But when a new Bible was received as a gift, it proved so heavy that the beadle was unable to lift it. To retain the symbolism, the church hit upon the Bible-opening ceremony as a substitute for the brief procession.

It has been found that the rite helps quiet the usual pre-service bustle, especially in a church attended largely by visitors; induces a worshipful, reverent air, and, to those familiar with church history, carries forward an age-old ceremony rich with meaning.

—GEORGIA HASTINGS

All over the country families are finding a new challenge and opportunity in students from abroad.

Topic, home: *In Tulsa, Okla., foreign students point out their native lands*

Hospitality U.S.A.

By PHYLLIS BRAUNLICH

IN HIS stimulating book, *Ambassador's Report* (Harper & Bros.) Chester Bowles tells of a non-Communist Indian student who visited both the U.S. and Russia. "In your country," he told Bowles, "I simply drifted around by myself. I was very lonely, and everywhere I saw the humiliating way people with my colored skin are treated.

"In Moscow I was met at the airport by a friendly guide, who did not leave my side until I started back to India. He took me to parties and meetings and into many homes. I had a wonderful time."

Bowles comments: "He completely overlooked the fact that in America he had been free to come and go and judge as he chose, while in Russia he had been given a rigidly guided tour with a policeman at his elbow."

Of the 40,000 students and visitors who come to America each year, too many carry home a similar false view of our life and people. They return without ever being inside an American home or meeting an American family. Many class everyone they see here as Christians and so judge Christianity, without ever learning what real Christianity means. Worse, when they return home they will be considered experts on America and Americans.

With this in mind, our family decided to invite foreign students from the University of Tulsa to our home. We first invited two students from India for Thanksgiving dinner. We have been inviting students ever since.

We find that meeting people from other cultures helps us see ourselves in new perspective. I especially remember the time we took an Indian student to see the Tulsa Oilers play baseball.

We couldn't help but see how impressed he was when the one Negro player, Marvin Williams, came up to bat. The fans yelled encouragement and applauded as Marv ran the bases. Just one incident like this can counteract many exaggerated stories of racial strife and violence in our country.

In general, we entertain our student guests quietly as we do our other friends. They seem deeply appreciative. As some were saying good-bye one evening, one of them turned to me and said thoughtfully, "When we are in your homes, we remember our own homes so far away." This was more than enough thanks for my trouble.

The Committee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students has long been urging Americans to entertain foreign guests in their homes. They make these helpful suggestions:

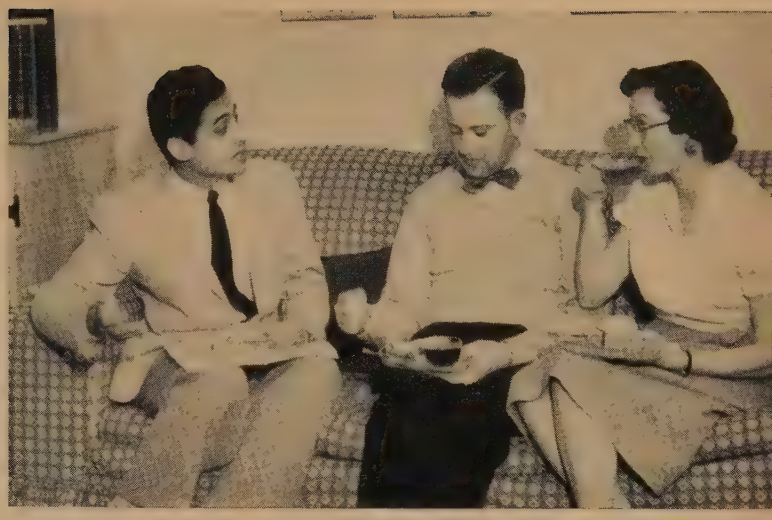
1. Be yourself. The students want to be treated like your family.

2. In planning food, remember religious taboos. Generally, Hindus and Buddhists do not eat beef; some are strict vegetarians. Moslems and Jews do not eat pork or ham. Chicken is usually a safe dish.

Our eating customs are strange to some, particularly those from the East. If necessary, make tactful suggestions to help your guests.

It is not necessary to have them

***riend maker:** An informal cup of coffee breaks he ice in any language. The author's guest on this ccasion is a young woman student from Finland.*



***From far-off India:** Comparing national customs and swapping homeland anecdotes make up some of the pleasantest times—as this couple and their Indian visitor are learning.*

or dinner every time, although there s good fellowship over a shared neal. Students also enjoy an informal evening of visiting.

3. Make the student feel you invited him for himself, because you re interested in him and his country, not from any feeling of pity or duty. t is best to invite at least two at a ime, but have the group small nough for good conversation.

4. Always invite a guest back at least second time. Otherwise he may hink he failed to win your approval.

4. Remember the facts of student ife. His first job is to study. He may efuse an invitation in exam period, ut time probably hangs heavily on is hands during vacation. Also, he s not apt to have much money to spare. Don't burden him with extra expenses such as taxi fare to your home.

5. You and your family will enjoy the visit more if you take time beforehand to learn something about his country. Look it up in an encyclopedia or at the library. Then you will be able to ask more intelligent questions.

6. To make the first moments easier, learn to pronounce his name correctly in advance. If he has trouble with English, speak slowly and clearly, but not loudly. Feel free to help him with a word or define a new one.

He might also like to be shown around the house. Don't forget the library, hobby room, and record albums. We may increase our reputation for materialism by putting too much emphasis on the dishwasher and freezer.

7. If a visitor offers to help with the dishes, let him—but don't have him feel this is expected.

8. Good conversation starters are family life in his country, the role of women, food and eating habits, educational systems, area of study, his life at college here, and future plans.

Avoid controversial matters of politics or religion unless the student seems inclined to discuss them. Some believe that religious differences should not be discussed. Others seek to convert their guests to their way of thinking. Either attitude is dangerous.

If Christians fail to affirm their beliefs and deny the importance of religion in their lives, they are misrepresenting themselves and Christianity. On the other hand, if the purpose of a supposedly social invitation is really to proselytize, then all mutual understanding and respect will be destroyed.

It is this mutual understanding which in the long run will serve both parties best and make their meeting a mutually enriching experience.

A friend tells of a Thanksgiving dinner she will always remember, when a group of students gathered with her family around the table. They all joined hands and each was invited to say a mealtime prayer. At that table, prayers were said in the Mohammedan, Zoroastrian, Buddhist, Roman Catholic, and Protestant faiths. In the warm feeling of fellowship, the students said this was the first American home they had been in where prayers were said before meals!

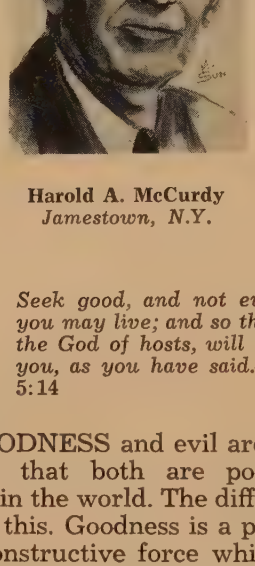
You may arrange for students to visit you by writing or phoning the foreign students' counselor in any nearby university. Students sometimes visit smaller towns for weekends. They often express a desire to see more of small towns, rather than only the big cities.

Or, by writing the Committee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students, 291 Broadway, New York City 7, you may be able to arrange for students and visitors to stay overnight in your home occasionally as they travel through your area.

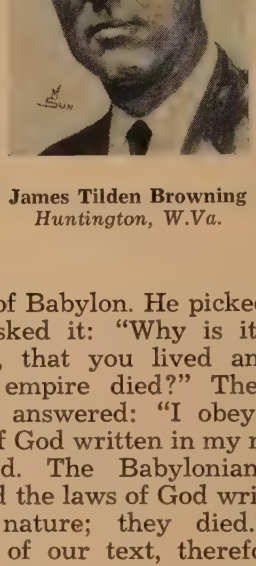
While we are contributing millions of dollars to truth crusades, technical assistance, and mission programs, here is something additional that we can do right in our own communities.

Who knows but that some of us may be, if not a guide on the way for some wayfaring stranger, at least a symbol of the everlasting strength and beauty of true American and Christian living?

Light Unto My Path



Harold A. McCurdy
Jamestown, N.Y.



James Tilden Browning
Huntington, W.Va.

A friend loves at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.—Proverbs 17:17

ONCE in a rescue-mission meeting I asked a boy to define friendship. His reply was: "A friend is a guy who knows all about you and still loves you." The definition may not have been original, but I am sure that in the school of experience on the streets and alleys that boy had learned how precious friendship can be.

Few of us are equally lovable at all times. We certainly were not as children; grown older, we frequently retain some childhood traits. St. Paul boasts, "When I became a man I put away childish things," and that may have been true of him—but history cannot record many St. Pauls.

Through the years we develop differently in appearance, habits, and interests. Some of us are successful and some are rated failures. A friend who loves us in all our changes recognizes in us qualities that for him transcend physical shortcomings and character differences.

Sometimes differences even increase the bond of love in friendship, as in the affection of a vigorous person for a weak one, or of a parent for an invalid child. This truth is given eternal value in some words of Jesus as recorded by St. John:

"As the Father has loved me, so have I loved you. . . . This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you."

"You are my friends . . . no longer do I call you servants . . . but I have called you friends."

"Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

This friendship is the heritage of all Christians. No less quality of friendship is worthy of one.

Prayer: O God, our father, help us to attain that quality of friendship that surmounts all barriers and hindrances and finds its perfect fulfillment in thee. Amen.

—HAROLD A. McCURDY

Seek good, and not evil, that you may live; and so the Lord, the God of hosts, will be with you, as you have said.—Amos 5:14

GOODNESS and evil are similar in that both are powerful forces in the world. The difference lies in this. Goodness is a positive and constructive force while evil is a negative and destructive force. Goodness acts in harmony with the laws of life; evil works in harmony with the laws of death.

The late Merton Rice used to tell about a man found slain in an alley in a Western city. All the circumstantial evidence pointed to one man as his murderer. The dead man was not recognized by anyone in the community and he had nothing on his person to identify him. No one had ever seen him. The suspected murderer was acquitted on the ground that it could not be proved that the man had ever been alive. This is not the only time that a man has gone through life without making any impression on the world about him. It is possible for a man to be good, but good for nothing.

Goodness is something one seeks. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." "Seek good, and not evil . . ." One does not have to seek evil. Just to do nothing is evil. Just leave life alone and evil will take over.

Dr. E. Stanley Jones tells about finding a little flower, the only living thing he saw, among the ruins of Babylon. He picked it up and asked it: "Why is it, little flower, that you lived and this great empire died?" The little flower answered: "I obeyed the laws of God written in my nature; I lived. The Babylonians disobeyed the laws of God written in their nature; they died." The moral of our text, therefore, is, "Seek the Lord and live."

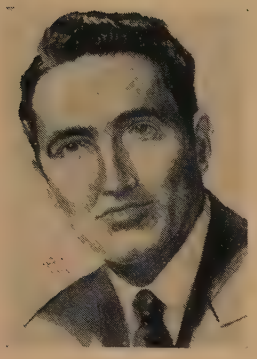
Prayer: O God, eternal Father, thou who hast pronounced thy judgment upon the course of evil, and hast made clear that righteousness is the road to life, impress this truth again upon our hearts and minds. Remind us again that to give way to evil is to surrender life to the way of death, and that to seek goodness and to do good is the way that leads to life. This we ask in the name of Christ, who is our example and redeemer of life. Amen.

—JAMES TILDEN BROWNING

I am a companion of all who fear thee, of those who keep thy precepts.—Psalm 119:63

MAHATMA GANDHI was turned away from the doors of a Christian church in his youth because of the color of his skin. Because someone failed to be a companion to Gandhi as he tried to keep God's precepts, the Christian church lost a dynamic personality.

Would Jesus of Nazareth, a dark-skinned Jew, be welcome in your church? Or would he, like



Edward W. Heacock
Whitehouse, Tex.

andhi, be rejected because of s complexion? Are you and I uly companions to all who fear od and keep his precepts, or are e brotherly only to those within r own little spheres of interests d activities?

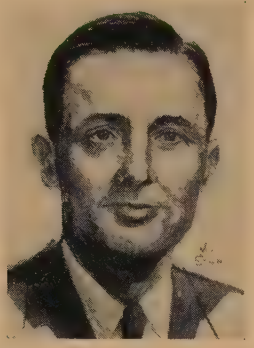
If we honestly believe in the rtherhood of God and the Chris- an brotherhood of all men, we ill learn to select our companions n the basis of their spiritual qual- ies and not upon external ap- earances.

Among the companions of my udent days were several who iffered from me in appearance, et loved God and kept his pre- epts. There was Isam Nazmi nabtwi, Arabian, my roommate; Kairo Oguro, Methodist minister ho lost his family at Hiroshima; ames Farmer, brilliant minister f Negro ancestry, and Alex Led- rer, Jewish engineer in Palestine.

A person becomes color blind in he presence of companions such s these God-fearing men. Souls re not saved because of the color f the bodies which are their tem- orary residence. We should be ompanions of all who love God.

Prayer: Eternal God, thou who ast created us in thy image, as ve come before thee we remem- er that all is not well between s and our brothers. Give us cour- age to go and be reconciled to our brothers that we might be worthy to come and offer to thee our gifts of worship. Amen.

—EDWARD W. HEACOCK



Laird V. Loveland
Greeley, Colo.

Whatever your task, work heartily, as serving the Lord and not men.—Col. 3:23

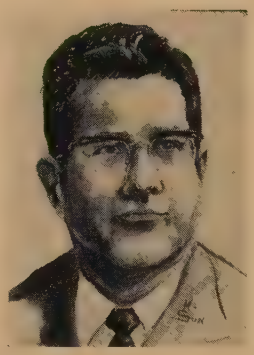
THE late Dr. C. K. Vliet of our Board of Missions enjoyed telling of his early life when as a boy of 13 he was forced to leave school to help earn the family livelihood. He helped his father with the painting and paper-hanging trade, finally becoming quite skillful at this line of work.

One day his father returned from a neighboring town with a package under his arm and young "C. K." was given the privilege of opening it. The package contained letterheads and the youngster was visibly disappointed. "But," said his father, "look at the letterhead." Then it was that the boy received one of the greatest thrills of his life. His father, realizing how much help his son now was to him, had had new letterheads made with the imprint, "C. K. Vliet & Son—Paper-hangers." The boy had become a full-fledged workman with his father.

If we work heartily at whatever our task might be "as serving the Lord," we, too, discover that it is a tremendous thrill to be recognized as a "co-worker together with God."

Prayer: Our father, give us zest and enthusiasm for our daily tasks and the ability to see thy purposes for us in the commonplace experiences of life. Amen.

—LAIRD V. LOVELAND



James H. Elder
Memphis, Tenn.

And you are my sheep, the sheep of my pasture, and I am your God, says the Lord God.—Ezekiel 34:31

JESSE STUART, the mountain poet and writer, tells of the time when, as a schoolteacher, he walked a dozen miles across the mountains to get books for the hungry minds of his students. As he returned, in the late afternoon, a snowstorm enveloped him and he became lost in the darkness of the mountains. With tree limbs and whatever was at hand he built a crude hut to protect himself and waited for the morning. Before dawn he slept and was awakened by the brilliance of sunshine on the snow. He was only a few paces from the path to his father's house!

The whole 34th chapter of Ezekiel is the picture of a generation lost in the darkness of the storm.

The chapter ends, however, with the bursting light of the morning sun. God assures his people, as always, that in spite of darkness and despair his love still surrounds them. This assurance is given in the closing verse of the chapter—"And you are my sheep, the sheep of my pasture, and I am your God, says the Lord God."

Prayer: O Lord, hear our petition! May we, facing the hazards of living in this century, discover through thy spirit a path that leads to the house of our Father. In Jesus' name, Amen.

—JAMES H. ELDER

Barnabas Takes:

Looks at New Books

One of the famous drawings in C.M.R. Charles M. Russell, Cowboy Artist

What a skillful novelist can do to history with a skimmer is pleasantly exhibited in the late **Phil Stong's** *Gold in Them Hills* (Doubleday, $3.50). It's the foam, flavored with his own garrulous whimsey and lively satire, which the author blew from the copious cups of California's gold-rush history. Easy to read—but, lacking an index, not to be relied upon heavily if your thirst for history runs deep.

Stong laces his pages with allusions to and quotes from various narratives, including lore from his own grandfather—"a good Methodist" from Iowa. But, straining to demonstrate how wrong most historians are, he throws his own account off balance. A good illustration of this is his slight and slighting glance at efforts to introduce religion through the Golden Gate.

No, though Barnabas has a weakness for Western lore, he prefers not to edge very far out on the limb of applause for this item.

Another Montana "shadow catcher" is limned by words in *C.M.R., Charles M. Russell, Cowboy Artist* (Twayne, N.Y., $4). The writing is faulty and the printing isn't first-class, but **Austin Russell** does communicate a feeling of acquaintance with his famous uncle.

Charlie Russell was born in a well-to-do family in 1864 at St. Louis, but at 16 started cowboying in Montana. He died there in 1926, an artist with honor in his home town of Great Falls. During his lifetime, his pictures and bronzes sold for tidy sums—thanks in large part to the business acumen of his beauteous wife—but they now bring prices running into five figures.

Charlie counted as friend the Rev. W. W. (Brother Van) Van Orsdel, Methodism's famous Montana missionary-minister, whom he painted. The portrait shows him, Nephew Austin reports, as a young man "in long coat and big hat, on horseback, shooting buffalo." Brother Van was delighted with it, but not the artist. "It's off my range," he told Austin. "I'm no portrait painter."

Barnabas wonders where that painting of Brother Van is now. Does any reader know?

If you want to adopt a child, you are facing stiff competition. But if you are flexible in the specifications of the kind of child you can accept, if you are warmhearted enough to rise above your needs to consider the special needs of some hard-to-place child, then you will find the new book by **Carl and Helen Doss,** *If You Adopt a Child* (Henry Holt & Co., $4.95), a valuable guide. The Dosses adopted a dozen children of several nationalities, told of their experiences in *They Adopted the 'UN'* in TOGETHER last April.

In recent weeks there's been a run of books about Tibet, that vast, lofty, and mysterious realm at the roof of the world. In addition to Robert Ford's, here are two others:

The Third Eye by **T. Lobsang Rampa** (Doubleday, $3.50).

God's Fool by **George Patterson** (Doubleday, $3.50).

Rampa, a Tibetan lama, has some amazing things to tell us about powers few Westerners seem to have mastered. For example, he says correct breathing "enables Tibetan adepts to sit naked on ice, 17,000 feet or so above sea level, and keep hot, so hot that the ice is melted and the adept freely perspires."

Or: "The aura which surrounds the body, and which anyone can be taught to see under suitable conditions, is merely a reflection of the Life Force burning within . . . It was this aura, among other things, which I was going to be able to see when the Third Eye was opened."

Rampa acknowledges that many readers won't believe some of the things he writes about, but insists that time will prove him to be both truthful and accurate.

Patterson is described as a rather unconventional member of the Plymouth Brethren. Whether foolhardy or the bravest of men, he undertook a perilous journey from China to India, encountering landslides, bandits, unimaginable cold, and a series of bridges horrifying in their insecurity. Here is a travel book with religious overtones, perhaps one of the last to come out of Tibet as long as the area is under control of Reds.

Many of us have decided convictions on political measures but aren't sure how to implement these beliefs. A helpful new pamphlet now is available from the Service Department, Methodist Board of Temperance, 100 Maryland Ave., NE, Washington 2, D.C.

Beliefs Into Action, only 15¢, tells concisely how Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen can do something about proposed legislation.

We were amused to see this comment from a fellow reviewer, Walter Kerr, of *The New York Herald Tribune:* "It is possible that all pamphlets on the proper rearing of children should be written by people who have never had any; having them simply confuses the issue."

If you haven't spent an afternoon at Yankee Stadium this summer, or if your favorite team isn't high enough in the first division to have pennant hopes this hot August day, chances are your enthusiasm for the game is at fever pitch anyway. Baseball is that way. Even the women who never go near a ball park talk batting averages, home runs, and relief pitchers in the same deadly earnest they devote to the price

of butter and eggs the rest of the year. Baseball does that to people.

Whatever your league, you can be correct beyond challenge in this great year of the greatest of all sports if you spend a few hours with a laugh-and fact-packed little volume by **Fred Schwed:** *How to Watch a Baseball Game* (Harper & Brothers, $2.50).

Here, for the novice, is a careful delineation of what the game's all about —how to watch it, what not to watch, how to read the box score, even to a thoughtful footnote on the geographic location of first base. And for the avid, long-time followers of the ups, downs, ins, and outs of all manner of baseball statistics, here is the whole record wrapped up in a sidesplitting chapter entitled: "Statistics: The Wonderful versus the Probable."

The importance of baseball statistics was never more valiantly defended than a few years ago when it was suggested that the playing season be made longer than the historic 154 games. As Schwed reports it, this little ground swell was intended to extend the season so that each team played one more game against every other team. He goes on, "The basic idea was one usually applauded in our country—to make more money for everybody. The suggestion came from the 'Magnates.' (In case anyone doesn't know, the 'Magnates' are the bad guys. The players and the public and everyone else, except perhaps some umpires, are the good guys.)

"This reasonable request to try and make a little more dough was howled down by practically everybody. This was not because anyone was opposed to making more money, or even seeing someone else, like the Magnates, do it. The overwhelming objection was that it would invalidate the records which had all been predicated on the same number of big-league games per season. Not just the Babe's unforgettable accomplishment, but all the other records, too, most strike-outs, double plays, errors, stolen bases, and stolen towels. The archivists won out, and nearly everyone heaved a sigh of relief. Thus the fan, when he saw something unusual at a game he happened to attend, could still look it up and have the pleasure of finding out just how unusual it was."

This tongue-in-cheek treatise on the great American sport goes on to examine a variety of records: Ruth's 60 home runs, Rip Collins' quiet afternoon at first base for the Cubs, when he never once got his hands on the ball, and so on. In the matter of the infield-fly rule, Schwed becomes downright loquacious.

Leo Hershfield's drawings make this little volume even more amusing. And if you didn't see all his characters the last time you went to a ball game—Well, look around you next time; they'll be there.

I recently visited the trade exhibit of the American Booksellers' convention, where publishers display their wares. Booksellers are an enthusiastic lot. I watched them move from one publisher's exhibit to another and it brought to mind the dilemma of my youth in a penny-candy store: Just so much to spend, and how to spread it around amongst all the tempting goodies.

Fall and winter should be exciting months at the Barnabas household with so many promising books coming out.

With a true interviewer's spirit and knowledge—and a deep love for art—**Selden Rodman** has approached 35 of America's top painters, sculptors, and architects, and come forth with a collection of artists' theories on art, trends, and one another. The book is *Conversations With Artists* (Devin-Adair, $4).

Rodman's art knowledge allowed him to fire explosive questions at the masters. He was not afraid to air his likes and dislikes—and this often opened more intimate conversations than interviewers achieve.

To gain a better understanding of art today and the humans behind it, or just for enjoyable reading, these conversations have much to offer.

As Alexander Eliot puts it in his foreword: "If you want to go on living quietly with your present ideas about modern art, don't read Rodman. Whatever your view, he'll surprise you often, disillusion you some, make you laugh, make you mad, and prove conclusively that there is more to modern art in America than you dreamed."

What would you say is the most popular book ever written by an American? According to a recent survey by Columbia University Press, it's **Mark Twain's** *Huckleberry Finn.* Heading the list of world-wide favorites is *Alice in Wonderland,* written by Lewis Carroll, a Briton; *Huck Finn,* topping the U.S.-written works, placed second. Another American writer doesn't turn up until No. 10—and that's **Herman Melville** with *Moby Dick.* Of all writers, **Charles Dickens** led the list with 12 of his books nominated. Of these, *Pickwick Papers* received the most votes and held fifth place in the poll.

Ordinarily Barnabas doesn't review fiction. We like to leave the new novels to Bishop Gerald Kennedy. But every now and then I like to step back into some of those wonderful old stories of the past.

Such an opportunity came the other night when I picked up a 35-cent booklet titled *The Night Before Chancellorsville,* a collection of 10 Civil War stories edited by **Shelby Foote** (Signet, 35 cents). For the eleventeenth time I read **Ambrose Bierce's** shivery *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge* and **Stephen Crane's** *A Young Soldier's First Battle.* Crane's story is a masterpiece. You'll remember his *The Red Badge of Courage,* one of the great war stories of all time. Crane, son of a Methodist minister, died before he was 30—but not before his brilliant writing had attracted the attention, high praise, and friendship of outstanding writers and editors.

In fiction, he was one of the first

Leo Hershfield's drawings add a lively touch to How to Watch a Baseball Game.

Church played an important part in Never a Day So Bright.

realists, one of the first to write about American boys as they really are. *The Red Badge of Courage* is as vivid and up-to-date in style today as any masterpiece that may be written day after tomorrow.

The overtones of moral law and truth found in nursery rhyme, legend, and parable are uncovered in **Glenn Clark's** *Voice of God in the Folk Lore.* The exploration of the conscious, subconscious, and superconscious through story, the similarity of all folk legend, and the value of these in our knowledge are linked to show the relation to the parables of Jesus and their difference in degree of enlightenment. The symbolism used in many cases originates in the mind of the author and can be enjoyed as interpretation.

This month's nostalgic glance at the good old days comes from north of the border—Ontario. **Kate Aitken's** *Never a Day So Bright* (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., $3.50) portrays the life of a daughter of the town's leading merchant and his provident wife. Mrs. Aitken's rich recollections cover the years of her sturdy, sometimes stern, and always stimulating girlhood. Her keen memory brings into sharp focus such diverse subjects as an entreprenuer father's "special" mixture of tea (selling at 25¢ per pound, never a reduction!), a dust-laden description of "that divine unrest that women call house cleaning," and Methodist church suppers.

The Katie Scott of this book became Mrs. Kate Aitken in 1917. Her first major project was a successful home-canning business; since then she has come to be one of the best-known women in Canadian public life, famed for her work on radio and television.

Mrs. Barnabas read this one, too. After reading of what went on behind the scenes in the millinery shops of Victorian days, she remarked rather pointedly that I should stop fussing about women's hats. Headgear history has been repeating itself for centuries, it seems, with milady falling prey to the wiles and ways of hat designers. And, I thought to myself, her man will continue to pay the tab and is thereby entitled to make a few grumbling remarks.

Betsy K., a 10-year-old bundle of energy who lives near us, stumbled into the kitchen one morning not long ago and asked her doting parent, "Mother, do you *always* stand at attention when they play *The Star-Spangled Banner?*" "Well, yes, I'd say so," replied her mother. "Why do you ask?" A long sigh from Betsy. Then: "Well, I guess it's all right. Only I forgot to turn o my radio last night and they wo me at half past five his morning pla ing that piece. But I got up and sto beside the bed while it lasted. Ma Timmy [the dog] get up, too. Th we went back to sleep right away."

You folks down Missouri-Arkans way, so long the brunt of jokes by tho not fortunate enough to live in bea tiful Ozarkland, have a defender **Mrs. Elsie Davis DeForest,** auth and teacher in the North Kansas Ci public-school system.

Mrs. DeForest's *Out of My Cab* (Christopher Publishing House, $3) the simple, but absorbing journal of t years she spent with her ailing hu band and mother in a small cabin i the Ozarks near Neosho, Mo. Barnab —who once spent many a summer i this forested, well-watered, unspoile country—can vouch for the accuracy o Mrs. DeForest's observations. She's a active Methodist, by the way, and sympathetic student of her fellow man

"I present this book for individual everywhere to read, enjoy, and extra the good found within its pages, but shall be most disappointed if the peopl of the Ozark region fail to enjoy th reading of this résumé of our Ozark ex perience. . . . We did not choose to liv

Home Town Librarian

Among the books, in quietude,
An unseen presence hovering near—
We find seclusion. She presides
And welcomes all who enter here
Seeking this haven which provides
Peace and a restful atmosphere.

It isn't any word she speaks,
Nor yet the book she recommends
That makes you linger for a while
To speak of literary trends.
It's her unspoken thoughts—her smile—
The look that says, "We two are friends!"

—ROWENA CHENEY

TOGETHER • AUGUST 1957

San Francisco Area NEWS of Your Church in Action

Bishop Donald H. Tippett
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

California-Nevada
Pacific Japanese

Editor: Winston H. Taylor
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

Seek Nearly 500 New Conference Members

Scene of Pacific-Japanese Conference was this new home of West Los Angeles Community Church. Consecrated in May, the sanctuary and offices are at the right and the educational building is at the rear. These connect with the present fellowship hall.

Schools Aid Local Church

Instruction and guidance for the operation of the four primary local church commissions will be available in all areas of the conference next month. Interboard schools, similar to those being conducted across the entire church, will be sponsored by the conference Commission on the Local Church.

Sessions, from 2 to 9 p.m., will be for pastors, lay leaders, official board chairmen, and chairmen of commissions on membership and evangelism, education, missions, stewardship, and finance.

The schedule:

Sept. 9 at Reno, Sept. 10 at Oak Park-Sacramento, Sept. 11 at Park Presidio-San Francisco, Sept. 12 at Santa Rosa, Sept. 13 at First-Eureka, Sept. 15 at Yreka, Sept. 16 at Trinity-Chico, Sept. 17 at First-Modesto, Sept. 18 at Porterville, Sept. 19 at First-San Jose, Sept. 20 at St. Luke's-Richmond.

The Rev. J. A. Engle, general secretary of the Joint Section of Education and Cultivation of the Board of Missions, is in charge of the schools. Conference arrangements are led by the Rev. Carl W. Walker, Redwood Empire District superintendent and local church chairman.

Other leaders from general boards will be the Rev. C. Lloyd Daugherty, Jr., director of the department of Local Church Evangelism; the Rev. Leroy H. Walker, field work secretary, Board of Evangelism; the Rev. Walter Towner, director, department of General Church School Work, Board of Education; the Rev. Earle H. MacLeod, associate director of field work, Board of Lay Activities.

Fires Damage 3 Churches

Three recent fires have caused extensive damage to church properties.

The Round Valley Indian Mission parsonage at Covelo was burned to the ground. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. DeFord's belongings were destroyed. The parsonage was not insured.

The educational unit of El Sobrante Church, Richmond, was made unusable by a June 17 blaze. Insurance partially covered the damage of more than $10,000.

A July 7 fire, while a youth meeting was in progress in the social hall, caused more than $25,000 damage in the sanctuary and chapel of Centella Church, San Jose. The building is being used by the combined St. Paul's-Centella congregation until a new plant is started.

Acceleration of evangelism, World Service giving, steps toward integration, and service to newcomers from Japan form the nucleus of the year's plans adopted by Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference at the annual session in June, at West Los Angeles Church.

The goals established include:

- Net increase in membership of one person for each 12 present members. (This would mean 472 new members.) For the past year there was a net gain of 209, to a new high of 5,664. Those received on profession of faith totaled 253, compared to 84 the previous year.
- Expanding of World Service giving by at least ten per cent from this year's $2,997. This was a gain of 25 per cent. Benevolence giving totaled $11,878.
- Continuing strides toward integration with Caucasian conferences, for which a 1964 deadline was set a year ago, by strengthening the local church and by increased participation in meetings with Caucasian church groups. It was noted that three Japanese pastors have been presidents of their community ministerial associations—the Rev. Jun Fujimori of Ontario, the Rev. Waichi Oyanagi of Alameda, and the Rev. Paul Hagiya of Santa Maria.
- Asking each church to send on Sunday morning offering to support intercommittee work of visitation, services and literature to several hundred Japanese nationals—refugees and contract workers—primarily in California. It was reported that one-sixth of the Japanese in this

Newest members of Pacific-Japanese Conference are, left, Peter F. Chen, transferred from Kansas Conference, and Roy I. Sano, accepted as a full member at June session.

For the first time, all deaconesses active in the California-Nevada Conference attended the full week of annual conference sessions. They are, from left, Dorothy Gleason, M. Louise Perry, Ella Baker, Mary Lou Huck, Fae Straley, Nelle Wright, Ruth Gress, and Eleanor Dolby. Miss Baker has retired after 35 years as a deasonesses.

country have come from Japan since World War II. The committee has distributed 430 bilingual New Testaments, and scores of persons have been baptized.

The 18th annual conference also accepted $1,000 from the Issei Board of Lay Activities to raise the ministers' pension rate from $30 to $31 per year of service; adopted its first schedule of dependents' allowances for pastors on minimum salary; urged that all churches try to increase their pastors' salaries; assigned its first $400 of advance giving to the Grant Street Church building project in Spokane, with the rest divided among Alaska College, Borneo, and Aoyama Gakuin, Kwansei Gakuin and Chinzei Gakuin schools in Japan; and learned that the conference pastors' school would not be held this year for lack of funds.

The Rev. Taro Goto, conference superintendent, reported a record six building dedications and/or consecrations during the past year, using local funds totaling $180,000. He said that the conference is entering a "new age of Sansei," since most Sunday school members are new third- or fourth-generation Americans, and at the same time Issei work is beginning a new phase, as one pastor is required to serve first-generation members in several churches.

The conference adopted resolutions of confidence in Bishop Kennedy for his support of a Marine who stood court-martial for refusing to bear arms; backing a bill to liberalize immigration quotas; urging Congress to end testing of nuclear weapons by the U. S. and asking the U. S. to take leadership in international disarmament.

For the second consecutive year, a non-Japanese minister joined the conference. He is the Rev. Peter F. Chen, transferred from Kansas Conference, which he had just entered in full. He is Chinese, born in Formosa and reared in Japan.

The Rev. Roy Sano, son of Mr. and Mrs. Okimoto Sano of Palo Alto, was ordained an elder and admitted to full membership. (Appointment changes and other personnel information were in the July Supplement.)

Both conference lay leaders were re-elected: Keizo Sato of Seattle for Issei and George Muraki of Sacramento for Nisei. The Nisei board organized for more lay activity by naming two conference assistants, Karl Nakazawa of Los Angeles and Robert Sato of Seattle. District lay leaders are Tak Shigenaka of Santa Maria, Southwest; Mike Morizono of Oakland, Bay; Tom Nishizaki of Ontario, Northwest; George Katsuki of Reedley, Central; Sam Matsumoto of Denver, Colorado.

Special conference music was by the West Los Angeles choir, directed by Gregg Smith, who composed the "Seven Last Words" sung in a special concert.

• George Nishikawa of Sacramento, former pastor of Florin Japanese Church, has been elected student body president at Boston University School of Theology.

• West Los Angeles Church had special pride in two 1957 graduates of University of California in Los Angeles. Miss Tayeko Noda, a choir member, teacher and Younger Girls' Club adviser, received Phi Beta Kappa honors and will teach at Venice. Hoagy Hokama received his doctor of philosophy in microbiology and will remain on the university staff.

Wives Elect Prexy

"Togetherness" was the theme for this year's conference meetings of the Ministers' Wives' Association. Mrs. O. Wesley Janzen of Willow Glen Church, San Jose, was elected president to succeed Mrs. Kenneth Miller of Fairfield.

The opening coffee hour featured a story of a minister's wife's experiences from marriage to retirement, written by Mrs. John V. Moore of First Church, Hayward, and dramatized by all 150 present.

More than 200 at Friday luncheon heard a talk on harmonious relationships in the ministry by the Rev. Robert Leslie of Pacific School of Religion.

The group sent more than $230 as a love gift offering to Mrs. L. W. Reneau of Oroville, their treasurer, who with her husband was seriously injured in a recent auto accident.

How Much Machinery?

San Francisco will be host to the third of 24 public hearings on the "strengths and weaknesses" of The Methodist Church's jurisdictional system, including racial segregation, Sept. 16-17.

Any Methodist wishing to be heard must write the Rev. C. Cooper Bell, 1455 Northwood Circle, Lynchburg, Va., by Aug. 17.

Bell will preside over the San Francisco hearing, aimed at obtaining facts, opinions, and suggestions for recommendations to the 1960 General Conference. A special study commission named at the 1956 General Conference is directing the hearings. The study is to answer numerous petitions relating to problems of race and sectionalism in the jurisdictional setup.

An Old, New Tune, A Wedding in June

A reminder that June is not new as a wedding month came this year when many area Methodists celebrated anniversaries.

The Rev. and Mrs. George Saywell, retired, of Castro Valley, noted their 55th anniversary June 11, while another retired minister and wife, the A. I. Townsleys of Pico, Calif., observed their 50th on June 23.

At First Church, San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus M. Soll celebrated their 50th on June 2. The golden anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. William K. Gill of Central Church, Stockton, and that of Mr. and Mrs. James Peck of St. Paul's Church, South San Francisco, was June 5.

First Church, Redwood City, recently honored all its couples married 50 years or more. Couples honored were the H. M. Carscallens, married 62 years; the Herbert Crichtons, 59; the George Gunthers, 58; the Eugene Crosthwaits, 56; the True Homans, 51; and the R. E. Stubbes, 50.

Pastoral Changes Made

Several post-conference appointments and transfers have been announced by Bishop Tippett. They include:

C. C. Addington to Mendota; Elmer R. Burkey to Pinedale; Clarence J. Crawford to San Joaquin; Leslie A. Kayser from Orosi to Windsor; A. Nelson Smith to assistant at Castro Valley; and Joseph Nunyiato to assistant at Shattuck Avenue Church, Oakland.

Also Thomas Foster to assistant at Good Shepherd Church, Richmond; J. Alvah Andrews to associate at First Church, Hayward; Lewis Manning to Ft. Bragg; Clifford H. Colyer from chaplaincy to Lovelock, Nev.; Aubrey Clark to Truckee; George Green to Sutter; and Bruce Baker to Yolo County Parish.

Delmere C. Stubbs was transferred from Windsor to Rock River Conference, and William A. Getchey, a transfer from Central Pennsylvania Conference, was appointed to Wesley Church, Hayward.

Share Building Funds to Start Churches

Several California-Nevada churches, engaged in their own expansion or improvement projects, have given funds to help launch new churches in their communities.

First Church, Reno, which had raised some $40,000, designated most of it for the new Northwest Church, for which ground was broken March 31.

First Church, Napa, which broke ground May 14 for a new $157,000 youth building, provided nearly $9,000 from its campaign funds to purchase a five-acre site for a church 2½ miles northwest on Linda Vista Avenue. When the new congregation would be started was not certain.

First Church, Palo Alto, which already had purchased a $55,000 site for a third church in the city, agreed to contribute $31,000 to help College Avenue Church purchase land for a new sanctuary.

The Bishop's Trail Blazers program, to raise money for future church sites, ended its third annual campaign and will have some $100,000 in its revolving fund when outstanding pledges are paid.

This year's Trail Blazers income included a gift of $5,000 from **First Church, North Sacramento.**

Meanwhile progress has continued this summer on many area building projects. Following is a roundup of recent developments:

• Donated labor at the **Carlin, Nev., Church** has almost completed a pumice block educational unit, to include fellowship hall, kitchen, five classrooms, and rest rooms. The parsonage has been pressed into use for church school.

• A matching lectern and pulpit in red oak have been received and dedicated by the **Corning Church.** The lectern is a gift in memory of his wife from the Rev. Charles G. Lindemann, now retired but once Corning pastor (1920-24). Mr. and Mrs. Loren Dahl of Sacramento gave the pulpit in honor of Mr. Lindemann. Mrs. Dahl is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Siler of Corning.

• Another chapter in a success story was written July 7, when Bishop Tippett dedicated the new building at **Coulterville.** Until the Rev. John Robie organized the church in October, 1955, the town had had no Protestant church in its more than 100-year history. The simple but worshipful building, of concrete block, was erected and furnished for less than $10,000. Most of the labor was volunteer, with much of it done by the pastor. Now his mountainous circuit has been expanded with a new service at Groveland and charges at Jamestown and Soulsbyville.

• **First Church, Dinuba,** broke ground May 26 for the new educational and social units, to cost more than $53,000. The cement block structure will include a social hall, kitchen, and classrooms. First earth was turned by William Spomer, building committee chairman.

• A concrete block building providing new classrooms in several combinations was consecrated by **Elk Grove Church.** Chairman of the building committee was Alvin Bartholomew.

• **Georgetown Church** followed up the burning of its mortgage (see picture) with the May 12 dedication of record chimes given by Victor J. Leonardi of Placerville as a memorial to his grandmother, Jennettie Winn Vaughn.

• A new education unit, including three classrooms, kitchen, and social hall, has been placed in use at **Happy Camp.** The isolated village is at the top of California. Most of the construction was done by men of the church.

• The congregation of **First Church, Sacramento,** voted to adopt a master plan for expansion and to acquire property east of the present plant, which would double the church site to one-half block. Part of the land has been secured. Eventual plans call for an expanded sanctuary, new fellowship hall, chapel, classrooms, and parking.

• One thing led to another when **White Memorial Church** at St. Helena got started on redecoration. The Christian Adventure group's project of refinishing pews, which had been built with square nails in 1867, led to a special fund. Painters Jerry Haynes and Ron Nickel became enthusiastic and volunteered to redecorate the entire sanctuary. That led to painting adjacent rooms, to revised lighting, to revamping of the chancel. At a cost of $350, the project was finished the night before Easter and the sanctuary was rededicated May 26.

• **San Bruno Church** has purchased a 75-foot frontage on El Camino Real, south of the church. Work on a master plan has begun under Ralph Jones, building committee chairman.

• Construction of the new social hall for **Grace Church, Stockton,** is well under way following ground breaking May 19.

• The newly lighted spire of **Ukiah Church** was dedicated June 4 to the memory of the Rev. Fern Raymond, who died midway in his first year at the church. Though he was blind, the lighting had been one of his dreams.

• Fulfillment of a long effort came July 14 for **Fellowship Church, Vallejo,** in the dedication by Bishop Tippett of the new church. The congregation was started in 1939 and the building fund in 1953, spurred by $20,000 from the Week of Dedication. Ground was broken in 1955 and construction started late last year.

• The inside and outside of **Williams Church** has received considerable refurbishing in recent months, in co-operative projects involving men, women and youth.

Plan Fall Youth Meetings

Christian Witness Mission and the annual confernece youth rallies, featuring a past conference MYF leader, headline the fall program for California-Nevada young people.

This year's mission for high school and college-age youth, Aug. 25-31 at Alameda, will put a new emphasis on youth evangelism by stressing development of vital personal faith and effective witnessing in everyday situations. The project is a joint venture of the Conference Boards of Evangelism and Education.

Mr. Fado

Adult leadership for the mission will include the Rev. Donald Baldwin, executive secretary for evangelism; the Rev. Joseph H. Pritchard of Fallon, Nev., and the Rev. Will C. Dyer, chairman of the Board of Evangelism and host pastor at First Church, Alameda.

Speaker for the fall youth rallies will be Donald H. Fado of Redding, a senior at Boston University School of Theology. Don was conference MYF president in 1954-55, president of College of the Pacific student body in 1955, and earlier had been president of Shasta College Students. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Fado of Redding.

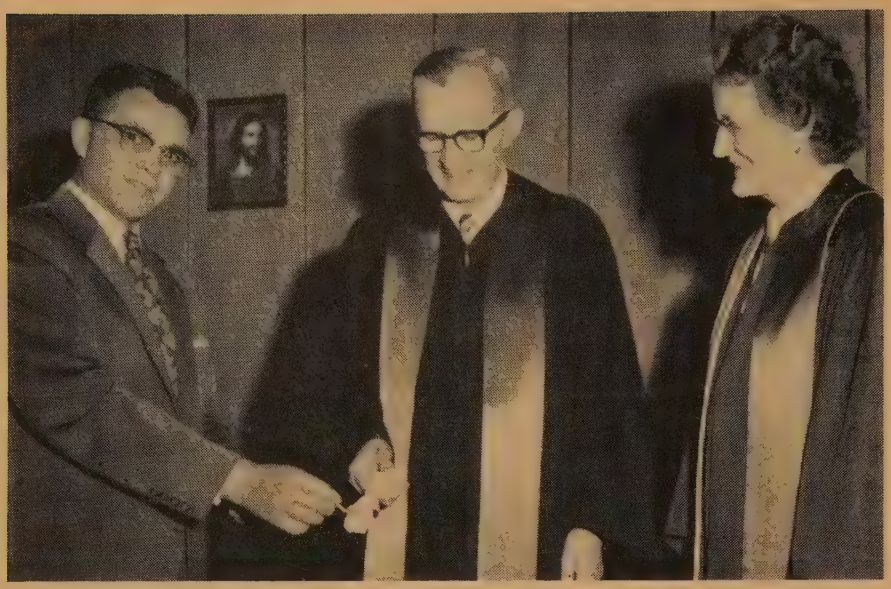
The 16 rallies are expected to draw some 3,000 youth for inspirational worship, fun, and discussion of the fall theme, "Destination Integration."

Rally sessions begin at Colusa Sept. 11; then move to Greenville, Sept. 12; Yreka, Sept. 14; Redding, Sept. 15; Fortuna, Sept. 16; Cloverdale, Sept. 17; Petaluma, Sept. 18; Winnemucca, Sept. 19; Yerington, Sept. 21; Oak Park Church, Sacramento, Sept. 22; Grace Church, Stockton, Sept. 23; Merced, Sept. 24; Wasco, Sept. 25; Sanger, Sept. 26; First Church, Santa Cruz, Sept. 28; and Grace Church, San Francisco, Sept. 29.

A warm welcome was accorded the 23-member Mission caravan which toured Methodist projects in Southern California and Mexico during June.

Several of the youth, themselves planning to enter the mission field, are prepared to share their experiences and may be contacted through the Rev. Franklin Scott of Santa Clara Avenue Church, Alameda, tour director.

Two youth officers' training meetings received special praise this year. The 32 members of the conference MYF and Wesley Fellowship Councils spent four days in intensive training for their jobs. These training meetings will be held annually, according to Robert J. Cary, director of youth and student work.



In a '49er gold prospector's pan, the mortgage on the Georgetown parsonage was burned April 7. Participants in the ceremony were, from left, Melvin W. Crail, the Rev. Douglas Ewan, district superintendent, and the Rev. R. Melissa Buckner, Georgetown pastor.

During the annual area Youth Training Conference for district and local leaders, 10 young men indicated their intention to enter the ministry, and many others renewed commitments.

Church Marks 110 Years

Anniversaries of three churches, including California's oldest Protestant work, were celebrated recently.

San Francisco's First Church, organized by the Rev. William Roberts, noted its 110th year on April 24 with a dinner and program.

The church has been in its present location at Clay and Larkin Streets since the 1906 earthquake destroyed its former building. The old site now is occupied by the Korean Church.

Lakeport Church celebrated its centennial on April 14, featuring a homecoming banquet and program and an address by Bishop Tippett. The church was organized by 13 persons who affiliated with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

An "old timers" service and picnic featured the 40th anniversary of Calwa Church, Fresno, on May 20. There also was a $5 dinner to begin a fund for an educational building.

Area Men at Purdue Meet

At least a dozen San Francisco Area representatives participated in the July 19-21 National Conference of Methodist Men at Purdue University.

They included Dr. Lloyd M. Bertholf of Stockton, conference lay leader and a member of the three-man general arrangements committee. Among the 91 discussion leaders were Dr. Arthur Beckwith and Robert Winterberg, both of College of the Pacific, and Judge Clare Pettit of Parlier, Fresno District lay leader.

Others attending included John E. Hopps, First Church, Sacramento; Henry Parker, Sparks, Nev.; John E. Nowak, Elmhurst Church, Sacramento; B. E. Hinz, Buri Buri Church, South San Francisco; William Davis, First Church, Redwood City; George H. Moyer, First Church, Santa Cruz; Bert Pingrey, Trinity Church, Chico; Tosh Terasawa, Centenary Church, Los Angeles.

Methodists Watch TV

The Way television series is being carried on two San Francisco area stations this summer, in addition to other programs of special interest to Methodists.

The 13-week *Way* series began July 7 on KBAK (Channel 29), in Bakersfield, at 3:30 p.m. Sundays, with a repeat at 11:30 a.m., Wednesdays. It also returned July 22, to KSAN (Channel 32), in San Francisco, at 6:30 p.m. on Thursdays.

Crosswinds, produced by United Church Women with numerous Methodist participants, is on KERO (Channel 10), in Bakersfield, at 4 p.m. Saturdays; KSAN (Channel 32), in San Francisco, at 7 p.m. Mondays.

The Pastor is on KERO on Sundays and on KSAB at 7:45 p.m. Thursdays. *Man to Man* is on KSAN at 7:45 p.m. Mondays and 7:30 p.m. Thursdays.

NEW ARRIVALS

Two new arrivals have come to Methodist ministers' families in Paradise and Happy Camp.

Brian Spencer was born May 1 to the Rev. and Mrs. David Wolf of Happy Camp. Susan Irene came July 1 to live with the Rev. and Mrs. William Sanford at Paradise. Both are first children.

Tourists to Say Hello

California-Nevada Methodists who are world travelers this summer were asked at conference to take the church's greetings wherever they go.

The College of the Pacific European tour, directed by President Robert E. Burns, has one week in the Soviet Union. Participants include Mr. and Mrs. Ted F. Baun of First Church, Fresno. He is president of the COP board of trustees and she is conference WSCS president.

The Rev. Charles L. Warren of Taylor Memorial Church, Oakland, left June 18 for an around-the-world study trip of more than two months, with Dr. Alfred Fisk of San Francisco State College.

The Rev. Edward L. Peet of Central Church, Sacramento, is part of a 15-person seminar which will visit Iron Curtain countries to study economic and social conditions. A $1,000 check from church members aided with the trip.

The Rev. Dillon W. Throckmorton of Tulare will lead an Aug. 5-17 Friendship Tour in Mexico.

The Rev. F. Marion Smith of Trinity Church, Berkeley, flew to Lucerne, Switzerland, in mid-May for the Rotary International convention. He was secretary of the vocational section on religion.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Landis are on a two-months tour of several European countries. She is the former Catherine Cheek, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Maurice B. Cheek of San Jose.

50 Go to Asilomar

More than 50 California-Nevada Methodists were among some 600 participants in the annual missionary education conference early this month at Asilomar, Calif.

District missionary secretaries and one other representative of each district were guests of the conference Board of Missions. The board's executive secretary, the Rev. John R. Wilkins, was among several Methodist leaders.

The Rev. Wendell Kramer, Centenary Church, Modesto, shows a souvenir of his Sarawak trip to Mrs. Arthur Reitter Trinity Church, Berkeley, hostess, for Board of Missions display at conference.

Browsing in Fiction

When we are healthy spiritually we move from one mood to another without any sense of going outside the realm of religion. Our pilgrimage may lead us from humor to satire to sorrow to criticism, but we have no sense of being more religious in one mood than another. A mistake that a good many people make is to assume that the religious man is always sentimental or sorrowful. Strangely enough, the magazine that best illustrates this truth seems to be *The New Yorker*. In some ways it is the last word in sophistication and satire, yet from time to time it brings us a most serious article. You may recall that it gave almost a complete issue to John Hersey's *Hiroshima*. In the issue of last May 4, it had a long story or short novel that seems to me to be worth commenting on. I refer to:

ZOOEY, by J. D. Salinger *(The New Yorker, May 4, 20¢)*

If you read *The Catcher in the Rye*, you know about this author's style and delightful off-beat point of view. This is the story of a remarkable family whose children were famous on a quiz program, "It's a Wise Child." They were all precocious youngsters and were described for many people in the words of Phyllis McGinley, "I think that I shall never see, a quiz kid who appeals to me." At any rate, they now have grown up. One of them has committed suicide; another is away from home teaching and comes into the story through a long letter he has written to his brother. The plot centers around the boy, Zooey, and his sister, who is talented and at present interested in religion. I must warn you that Zooey uses profanity without knowing that he is using it and that his attitude toward religion is not exactly orthodox. I was interested in this yarn, however, because it seems to indicate a new concern on the part of the sophisticates for spiritual things. Nor is this concern only a shallow matter. I read it with great pleasure but my wife did not. Unfortunately, I must confess that she is usually right.

THE SPIRAL ROAD, by Jan de Hartog *(Harpers, $4.95)*

This is a real book and you ought not to plunge into it unless you expect to go down deep. I do not mean it is a dull book, but it deals with some of the ultimate questions of life. It centers around the Dutch East Indies and a young doctor who agreed to serve in the East India medical service because it was the only way he could get through medical school. There is an older doctor who is a great man, though rough and sometimes vulgar. There is a subplot dealing with a conversion of a prostitute and a thief, which in itself would make a great novel. Once again, I say that this will not sound like orthodox Christianity to some people, but it is certainly a profoundly religious book. It is the kind of book that Kierkegaard might have written, for it assumes that until a man has reached the bottom of the abyss he will not experience the full meaning of salvation. This is one of the best novels I have read this year.

THE CRUEL COCKS, by Garland Roark *(Doubleday, $3.75)*

I do not know if you have read any of the books that deal with bullfighting. I have read several and, if I can help it, I will read no more. I get tired of the attempt to turn this brutal sport into something noble. I am not up to appreciating that "moment of truth" the boys talk about just before a poor, tortured, tormented animal is at last put out of its agony. Here is a book that portrays cockfighting as exciting and dramatic, but at the end turns away from it completely to give a moral conclusion to the whole affair. It centers around a small boy who finds a half-dead fighting cock and brings it back to health. He becomes a first-rate promoter and manager for this "sport." Even the teacher and priest wink at it. And then, finally, when his favorite cock is killed, we are asked to believe that he is going to forget the whole business and turn toward painting, for he has artistic talent. The end is as phony as a $3 bill. In fact, the novel never succeeds in becoming much more than a second-rate story. It would probably make a successful movie or TV show.

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

n the Ozarks; neither did the Ozarks beckon to us to partake of its loveliness. Our sojourn there was destiny. We had nothing to offer, nothing to contribute that could enhance even one foot of Ozark soil. . . ."

I must disagree with that last statement, Mrs. DeForest. You had plenty to offer, if this excellent 180-page portrait of an enchanted region is any indication.

Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke is relatively unknown here in America—or *was* until *The Turn of the Tide* by **Arthur Bryant** (Doubleday, $6.95) made its appearance. Alanbrooke was Chief of the Imperial General Staff and was one of Churchill's closest advisers on military matters. Very much in the middle of things during World War II, he kept a candid diary which recorded his impressions of the world leaders he knew intimately. If you're still trying to understand World War II, this one should help.

"The sun sank low in the Arctic sky, then disappeared for the winter, and Delisle (a Canadian Mountie) had to travel by moonlight. He froze his nose, ran out of provisions and had to live off the land, catching fish and hunting. It took him 98 days to reach Pond Inlet. Going and coming he had covered 3,550 miles, interviewed 750 Eskimos, recorded 50 births, 52 deaths, two marriages and gained 20 pounds in weight."

Delisle is just one of the Mounties you'll meet in **Alan Phillips'** *The Living Legend—The Story of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police* (Little, Brown, $4). (Note: Delisle was an athletic man who jumped out of bed every morning for a snow bath at 30 below zero. Even the Eskimos thought him mad.) The author takes you across

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

All day long the little boy had been naughty. When he said his prayers at bedtime his mother advised him to "tell God how bad you were today and ask him to forgive you."

"You'd better ask him, Mom," he told her. "I don't think he's speaking to me."

—Mrs. L. M. Kelley, *Skaneateles, N.Y.*

We Sunday-school teachers wanted to impress our charges, so we asked the pastor to wear his pulpit robe next time he visited the classes. He did—and his flowing robes and swooping hood with bright-red trimming were impressive.

Then I heard one awe-struck boy whisper to another: "Golly, Joe; he looks like Superman!"

—Bonnie Z. Haley, *Phoenix, Ariz.*

The minister was describing Judgment Day: "Thunder will roar; flames will shoot from the heavens; floods, storms, earthquakes will devastate the world."

Wide-eyed, the little boy turned to his mother. "Mom," he whispered, "will I get out of school?"

—Charles Gage, *Atlanta, Tex.*

Trying to impress on her pupils the need for more missionaries, the Sunday-school teacher told of a native who broke his arm and had it set at a crude jungle hospital. And there he learned the first rudiments of the meaning of Christianity.

"Soon," she went on, "he returned to his village. Now tell me; how could he learn more about the Christian religion?"

One eager little boy raised his hand. "He could break his other arm."

—Betty Gorsuch, *Hermosa, S.D.*

Send in your favorite church-related chuckle. If we print it, you'll receive $5. Sorry—no contributions can be returned.—Eds.

75 years of Mountie adventuring, from the taming of Sitting Bull (he came north after the massacre of Custer and his men) to the latest Mountie undercover work against Soviet spies.

The commander of the second *Mayflower* was **Alan Villiers,** who has written some 20 books about the sea and his seagoing adventures. His latest is *Wild Ocean* (McGraw-Hill, $5), the story of the North Atlantic and the men who sailed it. This relatively small portion of the world's oceans has been of greater importance to man than all others put together, according to Villiers. He looks back to adventures on these waters by Phoenicians and Vikings, then forward to plans to build an atom-powered liner as a sister ship to the luxurious *United States.* And, needless to say, Villiers is probably busy right now on his next book—the story of the second *Mayflower.*

A few years ago any new book that cost $10 was practically unheard of—particularly if it was being published for popular consumption. Well, here comes one priced at $13.50—and well worth it for anyone who has that much unused coin. Were there only one like it, I can imagine pilgrims coming from all over the world to examine this rare and beautiful book.

I'm referring to *Life* magazine's beautiful and comprehensive *The World's Great Religions* (distributed by Simon and Schuster, Inc.). The articles are authoritative, many of the photographs and paintings are in full color. The introduction was written by the late Dr. Paul Hutchinson, a distinguished Methodist minister. Three years of intensive work and planning went into this big book.

After Dr. T. Otto Nall, editor of The New Christian Advocate, took a look, he commented:

"Believers of all faiths may well be grateful for this magnificent book, which proves that religion is not only the most important but the most interesting subject in the world. Here is a course in comparative religion, not done in the manner of the scholar but in that of the journalist, with all the colorful arts he knows so well . . . Christianity—the largest and most widespread religion on earth—appropriately takes up almost half of the book, but Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism, and Islam are also well presented. The job probably should have been done by a church paper, but none could have done it better and few would have treated this subject as well."

Speaking of handsome, expensive books, here's a new Bible just published by William Collins & Son at $20. This is one of the choicest I have seen since Hawthorn's *Heirloom Bible* described here several months ago. The *Mayflower Edition of the King James Bible* produced in Scotland, attests the craftsmanship of old-world printers.

At the time of this writing, a case of these fine Bibles has arrived in America aboard the second *Mayflower* to commemorate the voyage of the first *Mayflower* in 1620. But a "replica edition"—limp Morocco leather, large type and all—is available. Interleaved between the Old and New Testament are pages for family records.

Perhaps you've heard the one about the father who explained the five telephones in the hall to a visitor; "Well, you see, we have five teen-age daughters."

A bit farfetched, we think, but teen-age telephone manners are a big problem today. **Carol Gish,** in *Tips to Teen-Agers* (Warner Press, 75¢), gives courtesy—both at and away from home—the full treatment. Accompanying the text is a generous sprinkling of droll cartoons. Well within the allowance

The household telephone monopoly is given a gentle nudge in this cartoon. Youngsters will like the way manners are presented in Tips to Teen-Agers.

range of the MYF group, this little book is a good source of know-how to the boy or girl in early teens.

For your corral of books about the West, I suggest *Before Barbed Wire* by **Mark H. Brown** and **W. R. Felton** (Henry Holt, $10). It's pictures, largely; well-reproduced photographs of early-day Montana by L. A. Huffman of Miles City.

He started out with a wet-plate camera. With the eye of an artist and the soul of a historian he recorded the cow-punching era as it really was. Charles M. Russell, the painter, once was asked by a Montana cowpoke, "Where'd yuh

d all them good-lookin' cowboys yuh t in yer pitchers?" No one ever had son to quiz Huffman thataway. Cowboys, Indians, roundups, dirt-fed log cabins, cattle, and sheep are e. But I missed "Brother Van"— Rev. W. W. Van Orsdel, Methodist pilot, friend of Charlie Russell and Montana's low and high in those ust days.

The authors did well, mingling olarship with readable text. And, for e, here's a Western historical book isfyingly complemented with maps, es, and indexes.

When the men of Moses scouted the d of milk and honey, they returned th stories of "giants." Archaeologists, ging into the desert, haven't found skeletons of giant men but they ve found the ruins of giant cities. It y be, according to *Biblical Archaeol-y* (Westminster, $15) that Moses' es found cities so huge and towering it they believed they were inhabited giants. That's one of many interest-g theories in this book, which traces n from Genesis through Exodus m Egypt to the days of Christ and spread of Christianity to Rome. The erage reader won't be able to afford it, t the well-to-do and rabid student of cient history will have a field day th this plush tome.

Comes a note from Harold Ewing the General Board of Education of ne Methodist Church about what he nsiders "one of the finest books in e area of adolescent behavior and ychology." He recommends *Your dolescent at Home and in School* by **awrence K.** and **Mary Frank** (Vik-g, $3.95).

"It is a practical guide for those who ant to have helpful insight into the nduct of teen-agers and to better un-erstand the developmental task of the dolescent," says Ewing, director of the ard's Youth Department. "It ap-oaches the subject from the point of ew of the 'whole person.'"

The National Council of the hurches of Christ in the USA is pub-shing a new edition of *Fellowship ymnal,* a collection of easily sung old-me hymns for use in hospitals, prisons, d institutions. Interesting point about is hymnal: the word "death" appears none of the songs, as a consideration r those in hospitals; the words prison" and "bars" won't be found y those in penal institutions. It in-ludes a variety of familiar songs, rang-g from Negro spirituals to the best of harles Wesley and Isaac Watts.

Dr. Rall Answers Your Questions

Harris Franklin Rall
Professor Emeritus, Garrett Biblical Institute.

Q Has the church changed its attitude on amusements?

Yes, if we mean that once the attitude was largely negative and now is positive. No, if we mean a fundamental attitude on the rightness or wrongness of certain practices.

Our 1940 *Discipline* pointed out that the widespread increase in leisure time intensifies the problem of amusements.

It is not enough for Methodists to condemn evil. "Recreation is an important social force," the *Discipline* said. "Our great obligation resides in giving adequate opportunities for wholesome play, for developing new interests, and learning leisure-time skills."

The *Discipline* of 1952 called for a "Committee on Social Life, which shall provide social functions and forms of recreation unquestionably wholesome and compatible with the mind and teaching of Christ." The world of recreation should mean for us opportunity and obligation, not simply occasion for criticism.

Q What is blasphemy against the Holy Spirit?

When we ask this important question we are referring to the "unpardonable sin" mentioned in Matthew 12:24-45. But what does it mean to sin against the Holy Spirit?

The work of the spirit is to bring us truth and give us life.

To sin against the Holy Spirit, then, is to refuse to hear or to receive the life that God's spirit offers.

It was this spirit that Jesus promised as a counselor and comforter. The work he did was to be continued in the work of the spirit, who would guide into all truth.

Do people still sin against the Holy Spirit? Yes. This does not mean some single sin or failure. It means a conscious and wilful refusal to accept what we know is God's truth, to receive his mercy and help to follow his way. It is to deliberately shut God out of our life.

When we make this refusal in a part rather than the whole of life, is there any forgiveness for us? I think there is. We can pray, as Jesus taught us, "Forgive us our trespasses." But we dare not forget his other word, when he speaks about the sin against the spirit, "Make the tree good, and its fruit good."

Q What does the Bible mean by "suffering servant"?

This is a wonderful phrase we ought to know better!

In the highest sense, Jesus was the suffering servant, taking on himself the sins and sorrows of others.

He did take the position of a servant. He said of himself that "the Son of Man came not to be served, but to serve." And, of course, that service involved suffering. In the end it meant his death.

We may be sure, however, that his deepest suffering was not physical. He entered into the life of men and shared their burdens and sorrows. He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Faith and love were in all his suffering. And he showed men how they could triumph over suffering, not just in the life beyond but in this life, here and now.

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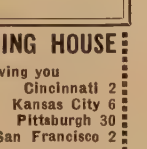

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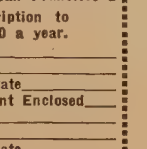

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The Jamestown Festival will have a lot more meaning for pre-teen boys if they read *Arrows Over Jamestown* by **Esther Miller Payler** (Vantage Press, $2.50). This exciting story of Chanco, the young Indian lad who saved Jamestown from Indian massacre in 1622, was a real spellbinder for young Peter B., age 10.

Recounting the adventures of an Indian boy and his friendship with the son of a plantation owner, this book is chock-full of suspense and animal lore—a winning combination for most boys. As Peter put it, "If you like excitement you'll go for this one."

Maxine Garrison's *The Angel Spreads Her Wings* (Fleming H. Revell Co., $2) is a book about a book. It tells the story of **Dale Evans Rogers'** *Angel Unaware*—the chronicle of Robin Elizabeth Rogers' brief sojourn on earth. Miss Garrison, on the Rogers' publicity staff, is well qualified to relate the impact of *Angel Unaware* and the heart-warming response it drew from mothers and fathers all over the country. Except to those of us interested in how the world of books affects the thinking and organization of other areas of life, I think this volume will have little appeal. Rather, I suggest that those who haven't already done so will find great meaning from reading *Angel Unaware.*

—BARNABAS

AMEN CORNER

As gleaned from pastors' sermons

- The goal of life is not the winning of pennants.
  —*Rev. S. R. Martin, Columbus, Ohio (from Alma E. Heiserman).*
- When your difficulties become so thick you can't see through them, look up and over them.
  —*Rev. C. W. Egeland, Thornton-Swaledale, Iowa (from Mrs. Sam Schmalle).*
- Good religion must have the plus sign. Enlarge the plus sign and you'll see the cross.
  —*Rev. Clyde R. Funkhauser, Edwardsville, Ill. (from Dora Bohm).*
- Though we are too Christian to enjoy sinning, we are too fond of sinning to enjoy Christianity.
  —*Rev. R. O. Grote, Rembrandt-Truesdale, Iowa (from Ken Hadenfeldt).*
- Many have plenty to live by but nothing to live for.
  —*Rev. Carl E. Hearn, Salem, Ill. (from Mrs. Ira W. Ellis).*
- Someday you will call for the church; today the church calls for you.
  —*Rev. Adolph F. Knapp, Brasher Falls, N.Y. (from Garth Oaksford).*

getting along Together

A minister whom I know came upo a janitor one day and found him sin ing lustily. "You must be very happy the minister volunteered.

"Not at all, sir," answered the jan tor. "I'm just trying to *get* happy."

—MRS. R. J. MORGAN, *Perry, Io*

In a cemetery one day, I noticed a elderly man loaded down with a hug bouquet and limping toward a stretc of barren graves. He declined my offe to help and with a pronounced Britis accent, explained:

"I came to America after the la war. I lost my wife and daughter i the blitz. The people of this countr have done a lot for me and I have n real way of paying them back. So couple of times a week I cut som flowers in my brother's garden and pu them on graves no one else cares fo It's at least something that an old ma can do to thank a country with gigantic heart."

—CHARLES E. BOOTH, *Manchester, Con*

It was in the rush of a big railroa station. I was struggling to carry m infant, my grip, my purse—and bein buffeted by every hurrying commute Just then, in the midst of all this con fusion, my shoe came untied.

I was on the verge of tears when ou of the swirling crowd stepped a beauti fully groomed woman who, without word, knelt down, tied my shoe, gav me a big smile, and hurried off. Tha was 14 years ago—and I still remembe it as if it were yesterday.

—FRANCES ANATER, *Anchorage, Alask*

As a friend stuffed his soiled clothe in his laundry bag I noticed he pu a coin in the pocket of the trousers. asked why.

"I told the lady who does the wash ing that any money she found in m clothes she could keep," he told me "She's old and lame, and it makes m feel good to give her this tip withou hurting her pride."

—DOREEN DEVEAUX, *Logansport, Ind*

Have you a true anecdote which il lustrates the art of living? If you have send it in. We'll mail you a $5 check i it's used.—EDS.

LETTERS continued from pg. 6

War and Peace" and "The Christian Conscience and War," we find the position taken by the church is as follows:

"The methods of Jesus and the methods of war move in different directions.

"The Methodist Church, true to the principles of the New Testament, teaches respect for properly constituted civil authority. It encourages both love of country and love of all men. Believing that government rests upon the support of its conscientious citizens, it holds within its fellowship those who sincerely differ as to the Christian's duty in regard to war. We ask and claim exemption by legal processes from all forms of military preparation or service for all religious conscientious objectors as for those of the historic peace churches.

"We also recognize the right of the individual to answer the call of his government according to the dictates of his Christian conscience. In both of these situations members of The Methodist Church have the authority and support of their church."

'Precious Memories'

GEORGE W. HASKELL, *Cuttyhunk, Mass.* I was particularly interested in your article about John Wesley, in which you mention George Whitefield [*Circuit Rider of the Centuries,* May, page 12].

Eighty-five years ago, when I was a little over one year old, my father moved from Boston to his native city of Newburyport and became sexton of the Old South Presbyterian Church. In the crypt under the pulpit lie the remains of Whitefield and by his side those of the first pastor of the church. Whitefield preached his last sermon from the steps of a nearby dwelling house.

My father kept a book of autographs of visitors to the crypt, including royalty, celebrities, and many others. After my mother died I donated the book to the church.

Thank you for stirring up precious memories of my boyhood days. . . .

Mrs. Finkes' Faith

MRS. CHARLES LEMASTERS, JR., *Austin, Tex.* Praise God for the unspeakable riches of faith he bestowed on Barbara Finkes and her family as she faced the giving of her life and her loved ones into his keeping in *I Am Not Afraid* [June, page 11].

Make no mistake about God's purposes. He "wills" cancer or sickness to no one—but when it comes, see how mightily it can be used for the Kingdom when given a chance through the faith of his children.

Wesley's Convert

MISS GRACE TEAR, *Parsons, Kan.* Thanks for printing *Circuit Rider of the Centuries* by William F. McDermott. When in 1777 John Wesley preached on the Isle of Man my great-grandfather was a listener and became a devoted follower. He came to America in 1826 with the family of his son, William. My father was born in 1831, the only member of the family to be born in this country.

In a quiet, rural cemetery near Painesville, Ohio, may be seen a tombstone engraved: John Tear

1760-1841

Sat Under the Preaching

of

John Wesley

'Satisfies Eyes and Mind'

JAMES P. GORDON, *Keuka Park, N.Y.* So far as I know, there is no magazine published that so thoroughly satisfies the eye and the mind as does TOGETHER. Yours is the first magazine that has so thoroughly satisfied us from its inspiring picture cover to the last page.

"Can I 'kill two birds with one stone'?"

Author to Critic

JUNE JOHNSON, *Woodland Hills, Calif.* Thank you for the copies of the May issue with the letter from Jeanette Burdick answering my article, *Bending the Sapling* [March, page 11].

I feel I must reply to her criticism because the issue involved is so important. It is true that throwing candy wrappers on the curb doesn't make a delinquent. However, anyone who writes knows that delinquency could not possibly be covered in one article.

I tried only to suggest two vital points, both of which I'm sure any psychiatrist and any minister would approve:

1. The general example of the parents is one of the most important factors in teaching the child to walk the path he must follow.

2. When we fail to strengthen our child's moral fiber in the small pressures of daily life, we are inevitably weakening his resistance in time of real need. Specifically, littering a beach is more than "discourtesy," because it leads to contempt for the citizenship rights of others.

'Easter Gift' Incomplete . . .

DONALD E. COLLINS, *Pastor, St. Mark Methodist Church, Kinston, N.C.* I am gravely disappointed in your article *The Easter Gift* [April, page 16]. You suggested that this pastor found the true meaning of the Resurrection when he learned that "even a small child's acts could live after him." If this is the true meaning of the Resurrection, then our preaching is in vain . . .

It would seem that Paul believed the Resurrection meant that the God who raised Jesus from the dead would also raise to eternal life those who loved and lived for Christ. It is not the deeds that shall live because of the Resurrection; it is this mortal that shall put on immortality because Jesus triumphed over death and the grave. Certainly evangelical Christianity could never settle for so shallow a concept of the Resurrection as is suggested in your article.

With Stress on Sacred . . .

RUTH WOOD CADMUS, *Bellevue, Wash.* It is seldom my nature to write ye editor. I know how busy he is because I have been in newspaper work.

However, it would seem that the reader must be very young indeed to miss the magnificent, broadening scope which TOGETHER offers: Mingling of the secular and the sacred, with always the stress on the latter, which seems to me to be the way we should try to live in this world to influence others for good.

Together on Bulletin Board

MRS. DON DAVIS, *Wichita Falls, Tex.* We enjoy the beautiful pictures in your magazine so much that we just couldn't let the old copies just lie around. We finally came up with the idea of a bulletin board in each bedroom. We can't throw them away even after they have had that experience, so I guess the next project will be a file box.

Bishop Kennedy Corrected

MRS. JOHN J. PARRY, *Urbana, Ill.* In *Browsing in Fiction* [April, page 59], Bishop Kennedy, referring to the title of Angus Wilson's novel, *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes,* states, "Not many of us know it comes from *Alice in Wonderland.*"

May I call attention to the fact that it does not. It comes from *Through the Looking Glass,* Chapter VII.

Thank you, eagle-eyed Mrs. Parry. You're right: Bishop Kennedy—and we—were wrong.—EDS.

Thanks from Whole Family

MRS. KENNETH VREDENBURG, *Bearsville, N.Y.* May I add my whole family's sincere thanks for your very welcome visitor, TOGETHER, that comes into our home each month.

There is much for us as parents and we are thrilled, too, that our seven- and four-year-old children find many attractive things. If only our bookstands could display more of your type publication minds would be filled with food for thought instead of food for disaster and lust.

The Tumbleweed Tree

By CLYRENE S. MAXWELL

THE DESERT is awfully dry and dusty all year. In fact, Bobby Clark didn't know that it ever rained very much anywhere.

Because it was so dry, there were no trees where Bobby lived. And that was the thing he wanted most of all—a tree to give him shade from the hot sun.

One morning as Bobby was following a lizard trail through the sand, he came upon a small, green plant only an inch high.

"Perhaps it is a tree," he thought, and he dashed off to the well where he filled a bottle with water. Then he dug a nice trench around his tree and watered it. Bobby decided not to tell anyone about what he had found. He thought it would be fun to have a secret tree all his own.

Each day he watered the tree and every day he could see it had grown—sometimes an inch—until it was fully two feet high. However, the tree was quite bushy and round, and it didn't have any leaves on it. This puzzled Bobby but he didn't say anything, for that would have spoiled his secret.

When summer was over, the sparse grass began to turn brown and so did the tree. This seemed the usual thing to Bobby, so he didn't mention anything to his mother.

He was so proud of his secret tree! Next year he would water it more and it would grow even faster.

One day in the fall, Bobby went outside and felt a cold, strong wind from the west. It came whipping around the house, causing little whirls of dust to rise off the ground.

While he was watching these dust whirls, a round and familiar brown shape came bouncing around the house—it was Bobby's "tree"!

Bobby ran wildly after it and cried, "Please don't go. Please wait!" But the "tree" blew away, rolling and tumbling faster than his feet could run.

Sobbing, with a dusty face and little rivers of tears streaking his cheeks, he ran into the house and told his mother how he had found his little tree and watered it and loved it and how it blew away.

"But Bobby, dear," she said, "I saw that plant grow-

g. It was only a tumble-
eed." She put her arms
round him and said, "Per-
aps this is a very good thing
iat has happened, Son. For
ou have learned that much
me and love can be spent
n things that will only blow
way later. You must learn
spend your time on those
ings that have deep roots.
ut since you cared for your
mbleweed 'tree' so well,
our father and I will see
iat you have a real tree to
look after in the spring."

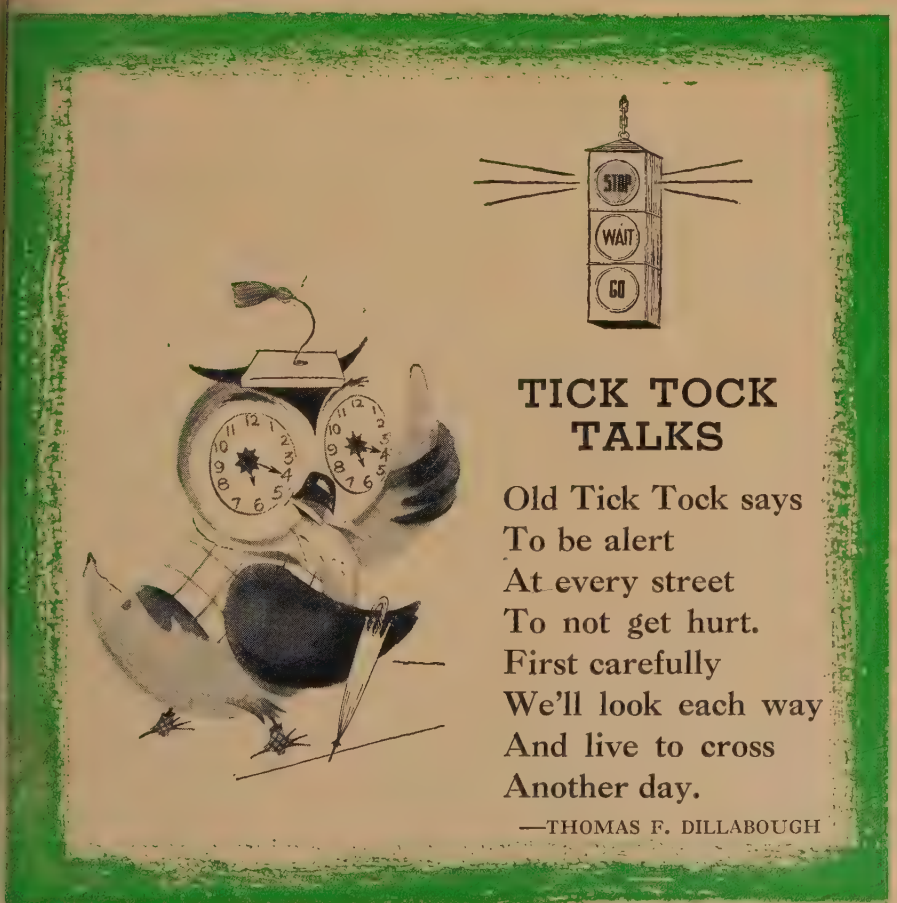
And sure enough, when spring arrived Bobby's father came home from the city with a real tree. An apple tree.

Bobby's father helped him plant the tree and told Bobby just how to take care of it. Bobby, of course, was very happy, for this time he knew that he had a tree with deep roots—one that would not blow away in the wind like the tumbleweed "tree."

PRAYER

Dear Lord, please hear us as we pray
Our thanks for food we eat today.
Help us all in every way
To be better every day.

—LAYNE ATTEBERRY AND CLAIRE ADAM



TICK TOCK TALKS

Old Tick Tock says
To be alert
At every street
To not get hurt.
First carefully
We'll look each way
And live to cross
Another day.

—THOMAS F. DILLABOUGH

GERALD GIRAFFE

Gerald Giraffe
Wears a polka-dot suit
Of yellow and black—
I think he looks cute.

The collar is ever
And ever so high
Because of his head
Being up in the sky.

But his suit has no
Buttons or buckles
in sight—
He must have
to sleep
With it on
every night.

—RUTH DANA PEDERSEN

Deep, dark, and mysterious! Far back in Kentucky's Mammoth Cave three Indiana MYFers halt at Silo Pit, an awesome 95-foot crevasse.

MYF Takes A MAMMOTH TRIP

WITH THE proceeds of paper drives, bakes sales, a coffee shop, and church bazaar, 16 go-getting Methodist youngsters have taken a memorable 700-mile vacation jaunt. Members of the Methodist Youth Fellowship of Angola, Ind., they set out in three cars and two trailers to visit Kentucky's Mammoth Cave.

The young people carried their own food, pitched their own tents, and had three days of travel, fun, and Christian fellowship for little more than it would have cost them to stay at home. To do this they bought wholesale, planned the trip menu in advance, co-operated in camp chores.

Total cost: $12.75 a person, according to Bob Artman, MYF counselor, who heartily recommends similar excursions for Methodist youth groups throughout the country.

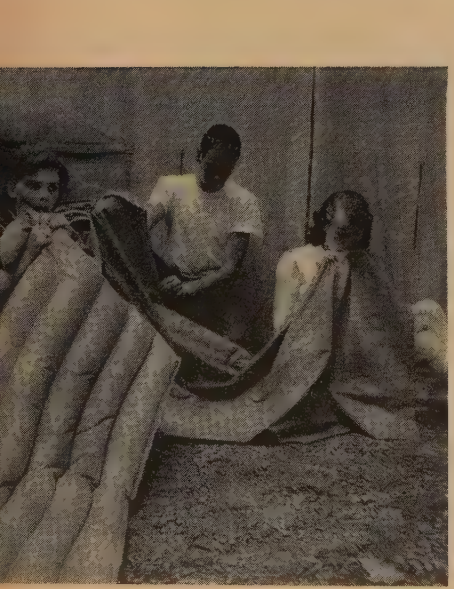
Young people inspect a relic of the past. Roads have replaced the locomotive that once brought visitors to the cave.

A Niagara Falls in stone: frozen forever for breathless visitors to admire, it's the cave's largest formation. It took nature countless millions of years to build this underground "waterfall," which is 75 feet high, 50 feet wide.

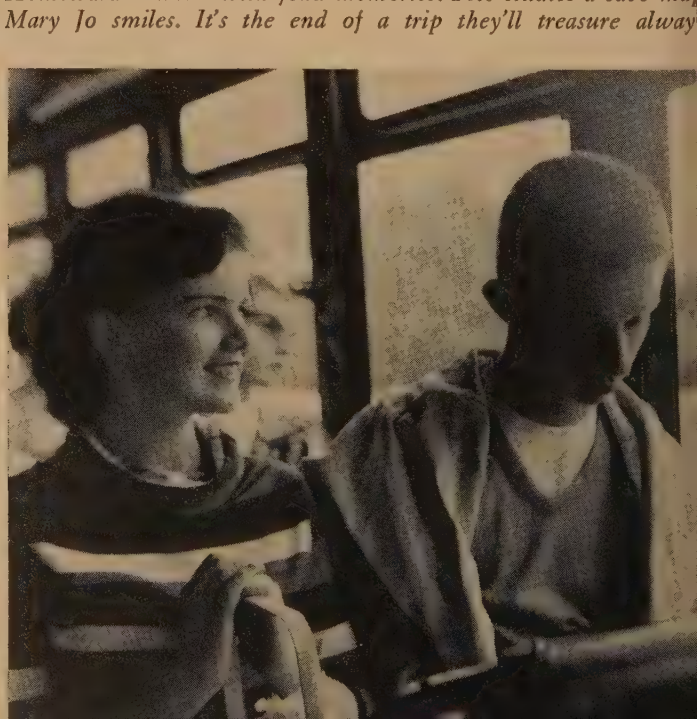
Ferryboat, ahoy! . . . MYFers take a trip on beautiful Green River, which winds through 50,000 acres of national pa

"Vittle time" is what they call it in Kentucky; in Hoosierland it's "chow time"—but in any state it's the best time for youngsters out-of-doors.

Homeward bound—with fond memories. Pete studies a cave ma Mary Jo smiles. It's the end of a trip they'll treasure alway



A "windy job" —blowing up air mattresses as soon as camp is set up.



NEWS of the world parish

WORLD OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS FOR THE CHURCH

Back from a 40,000-mile tour of missions in Latin America and Africa, a Methodist official declares Christians now have a better opportunity to evangelize the free world than may come again in this century.

Dr. E. Harold Mohn, general secretary of the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, says most governments in those areas now are favorable toward Christian missionary efforts.

"But a change in government could bring to power an anti-Christian administration," he points out. Moreover, Mohn explained, the Roman Catholic Church has "never tried to evangelize" South America. He said only in Colombia and the Guianas do Roman Catholics hold a strong hand.

Meanwhile, Bishop J. Waskom Pickett, with more than 40 years' missionary experience in India, expresses the fear that the church has been losing "golden opportunities" for conversions in some areas by not permitting converts a chance to evangelize their own people.

In South America, too, Protestants are pushing evangelism efforts. Methodist Bishop Sante Uberto Barbieri, of South America, said 84 per cent of the population now is outside the Roman Catholic Church, and Protestant membership is mounting.

An indication of the growth of Protestantism there can be seen in Sao Paulo, Brazil's second largest city, where there are more Protestant than Roman Catholic churches. Forty of the Protestant houses of worship are Methodist. Also, at least five foreign missions now are being supported by South American Methodists.

Other high lights in the world-missions picture:

- Formosa: Methodists have broken ground for the first building of the Soochow University College of Law and dedicated a clinic, the first Methodist medical institution on the island.
- Japan: Christian leaders plan to increase efforts to win back church-school children from Communist influence and bring new members into Japan's churches. Radio and TV will be used to counteract Communist anti-American and anti-Christian propaganda.
- New Guinea: A new device is combating cannibalism—a 12-ounce phonograph that plays Christian sermons in scores of native languages and dialects. Australian missionaries report that a few phonograph records often reach more natives in a week than a missionary could visit in a year. The result: many more natives baptized.

Wesley Home Draws Tourists

A new magnet for Methodist travelers has opened its doors to the public—the Old Rectory in Epworth, England, where John Wesley spent his boyhood and which he said he loved "beyond most places in the world."

Built in 1709 by John's father, Samuel Wesley, the house was used by the local Church of England parish until British Methodists bought it in 1955. It was restored, with financial support from American Methodists, and dedicated just before a recent meeting of the World Methodist Council's executive committee in London.

The founder of Methodism was six when his father built the house. In the large kitchen John's mother educated her 19 children and held cottage meetings for parishioners.

The London conferees, many from the U.S., made a weekend pilgrimage to Epworth, 160 miles north of London, for the dedication. Retired Bishop Ivan Lee Holt of St. Louis preached the Sunday sermon in the 13th-century Anglican church, where John Wesley was barred from the pulpit in 1742.

Conferees discussed plans for cooperative evangelism "across national frontiers," the holding of an ecumenical theological institute in Oxford in 1958, and the extension of pastoral exchanges between countries.

They Pray on the Job!

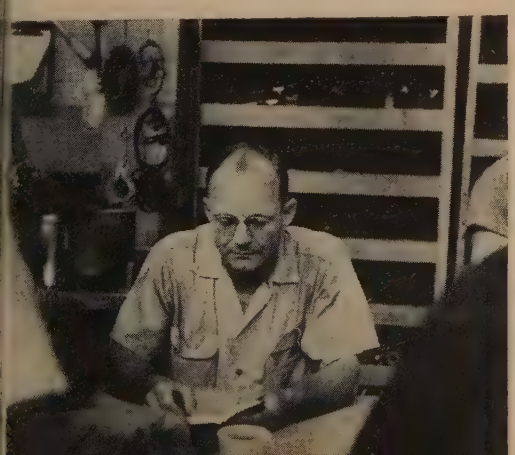
More workers than ever before now are taking part in lunch-hour devotions and Bible-study groups in a dozen or more U.S. industrial plants. Although growth is slow, leaders are encouraged because hostility and indifference are fading.

At Capital Airlines' Washington, D.C., terminal, mechanics and inspectors who began noon-hour Bible study 20 months ago now have expanded into three groups, each meeting five times a week.

Chief organizer Robert Pandolfi (Pentecostal Church) says non-Christians look up to the study-group men, who, company officials report, are helping others gain self-confidence. Other worker reactions:

- *Glenn Haville, a Methodist:* "This

For many workers throughout the country, a pause at noon for devotions and Bible study is becoming a regular event. This one shown is at Capital Airlines' shops at Washington, D.C., National Airport. Methodist Glenn Haville (left) studies his Bible. The Rev. Joseph Uhrig (center) leads one of the daily talks. Workers (right) eat and listen intently to message.



METHODIST ALMANACK

A Miscellaney of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters for People Called Methodist

'Tis easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it—B. Franklin

AUGUST hath XXXI days — 8th Month

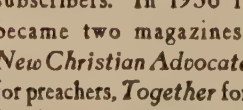
Heat, ma'am! It was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones—Sydney Smith

15	Th	**Geo. Whitefield starts for America, 1739**	■ He launched second of his seven American preaching tours. An Oxford friend of the Wesleys, he helped start U. of Pennsylvania, spurred religious revival, earned the sobriquet of "advance courier" of the new Methodism.
16	Fr	Alaskan gold rush is on, 1896	
17	Sa	National Methodist Youth Conference, Denver	
18	S	J. Wesley rejects Anglican "advice," continues preaching in Bristol, 1739	
19	M	*Old Ironsides* whips British ship, 1812	
20	Tu	**Bishop Francis Asbury b. 1745**	
21	W	Lincoln and Douglas begin debates, 1858	
22	Th	Rev. J. Eliot opens church for Indians, 1670	
23	Fr	*Make a virtue of necessity*	■ Seaman Lucy Brewer, alias Nicolas Baker, served on the famous man-of-war three years, concealed her sex the whole time. Her ship, christened the *Constitution*, a national monument, now is docked in Boston harbor.
24	Sa	Dolly Madison flees burning White House, 1814	
25	S	**Festival of Christ the King**	
26	M	U. S. women get the vote, 1920	
27	Tu	Play first given in colonies, 1665	
28	W	*Note well Proverbs 22:6*	
29	Th	Author Oliver Wendell Holmes b. 1809	
30	Fr	*What is well done is done soon enough*	
31	Sa	Gladioli, poppies exit as August flowers	

SEPTEMBER hath XXX days — 9th Month

September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer—Helen Jackson

1	S	**Labor Sunday**	■ Within five years original *Advocate* had 30,000 subscribers. In 1956 it became two magazines: *New Christian Advocate* for preachers, *Together* for families—combined circulation now about 900,000.
2	M	Labor Day, 75th observance	
3	Tu	**Protestants discuss Faith & Order at** North American Conference, Oberlin, O.	
4	W	**J. Wesley ministers at Newgate Prison, 1742**	
5	Th	First Continental Congress convenes, 1774	
6	Fr	Social worker Jane Addams b. 1860	
7	Sa	*A fool cannot be still*	
8	S	Richard the Lion-hearted b. 1157	
9	M	**Christian Advocate starts, 1826**	
10	Tu	E. Howe patents first sewing machine, 1826	
11	W	Annual meeting, Board of Pensions, Chicago	
12	Th	H. Hudson sails into his river, 1609	
13	Fr	*Faith without works is dead*	
14	Sa	Fort McHenry flag inspires F. S. Key, 1814	



half-hour of fellowship with God an my fellow men not only feeds me wi food from the Holy Word, but giv me a midday tranquilization which find restful and uplifting."

• *A Mormon:* "It gives all of us chance to receive others' viewpoints the Scriptures, and a time for Chri tian fellowship. In short, a pause th refreshes your faith."

• *A Presbyterian:* "Taking these lo sons home and living accordingly pu Christ at the head of our family."

• *A Roman Catholic:* "It offers me through God a clear interpretatio of the Scriptures."

Most sessions are handled by th workers, but often outsiders speak.

Some companies and at least on labor union have employed full-time in dustrial chaplains. There now are abou 50 chaplains in the U.S., serving a counselors and sometimes as labo management mediators. But with 66 million Americans employed, churc leaders point out, more chaplains ar badly needed.

Quiz Methodists About TV

Methodist TV programs compar "excellently" with other religious pro grams and "favorably" with commer cial programs in attracting viewers These are the findings in a survey o religious television by the Broadcastin and Film Commission of the Nationa Council of Churches.

Stations and TV critics in man cities are acclaiming the programs as significant step in religious program ming.

Another survey, by the Television Radio, and Film Commission of Th Methodist Church, indicates that Meth odist ministers have a great interest i television and its use in communicating the gospel. This survey asked 27,000 ministers to rate 26 program topics fo use in additional series of *The Way*.

First choice in the 9,000-plus ques tionnaires returned was: "Why does a Christian home stand a better chanc of survival?" Other topics rated high dealt with prayer, rearing children i the Christian faith, and how to liv meaningful Christian lives.

The Central Jurisdiction selected a top choices topics dealing with th church's role in racial tension, Christian responsibility in government and poli tics, and how the church can give it members a sense of belonging and acceptance.

Main purposes of the survey were t discover how churches can make more effective use of religious television, and let clergymen participate in program planning.

TRAFCO reports 300 stations have carried *The Pastor*, 180 *The Way*. It's estimated there have been 350 million viewings of the programs.

ludents 'Insure' Alma Mater

A Methodist college will be $36,000 her in 20 years if plans of the senior ss work out.

Seniors at Dickinson College, Car- e, Pa., have taken out endowment olicies naming the class as beneficiary on maturity. At that time all pro- eds—$36,000—will be given to the lege.

The idea was started at Dickinson ee years ago. All graduating classes ce then have joined in the endow- nt idea.

ow Much Machinery Do) Million Methodists Need?

Is The Methodist Church over-or- nized?

The church now divides the U.S. into e major regions, or jurisdictions. A th unit, the Central Jurisdiction, is ade up of all Negro churches and egro annual conferences in the U.S. Is is machinery too ponderous—on top such other units as districts, annual nferences, and episcopal areas?

These questions underlie two-day blic hearings to be held this fall in cities. The aim: to get facts and sug- stions for a special 70-member Meth- list commission. This commission was t up by General Conference as part a four-year study of the problems of ctionalism and race.

Any Methodist will be heard if he es a request with the chairman of the nel conducting hearings in his city 30 ys in advance.

Panel chairmen and cities:

Western Jurisdiction, the Rev. C. C. Bell, 055 Northwood Circle, Lynchburg, Va.—pt. 10-11, Denver; Sept. 12-13, Los Angeles; pt. 16-17, San Francisco; Sept. 19-20, Seattle, ash.

Central Jurisdiction (Negro churches), harles C. Parlin, 123 Hillside Ave., Engle- ood, N.J.—Oct. 9-10, Washington, D.C.; ct. 11-12, Orangeburg, S.C.; Oct. 14-15, New rleans; Oct. 16-17, St. Louis.

Northeastern Jurisdiction, Edwin L. Jones, ox 966, Charlotte, N.C.—Oct. 9-10, Phila- elphia; Oct. 11-12, Boston; Oct. 14-15, New ork; Oct. 16-17, Pittsburgh.

South Central Jurisdiction, the Rev. Harold . Bosley, First Methodist Church, Evanston, l.—Oct. 11-12, Oklahoma City; Oct. 14-15, an Antonio, Tex.; Oct. 16-17, Shreveport, a.; Oct. 18-19, Kansas City, Mo.

Southeastern Jurisdiction, the Rev. John R. Vilkins, 83 McAllister St., San Francisco, Calif. —Oct. 22-23, Louisville, Ky.; Oct. 24-25, Montgomery, Ala.; Oct. 28-29, Atlanta, Ga.; Oct. 30-31, Charlotte, N.C.

North Central Jurisdiction, Dr. James P. Brawley, president, Clark College, Atlanta, Ga.—Oct. 22-23, Minneapolis, Minn.; Oct. 24-25, Chicago; Nov. 20-21, Detroit; Nov. 22-23, Columbus, Ohio.

2 Churches Tackle Integration

Two Negro Methodist ministers of "white" congregations are in the news, one because his members quit in protest of his appointment, and one be-

to raise funds easily . . .

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cause he has shifted to a larger church.

In Los Angeles, 30 of the 43 active members of little Normandie Avenue Church withdrew when Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy appointed 39-year-old Nelson Burlin Higgins, Jr., a Negro, as pastor. When parishioners pulled out they voted to send memorial pulpit furniture to Potrero Avenue Church in El Monte.

A crowd of nearly 1,000, half of them Negroes, overflowed the sanctuary into the church social hall and street to hear Higgins' first sermon. The response led District Superintendent Ray W. Ragsdale to predict a membership of 250 by June, 1958. This is about the membership the church had 20 years ago. In the years between, the area's population (20,000) became 60 per cent Negro, but Normandie Avenue did not accept Negroes, although it was willing to have Negro children in church school.

As financial strength and membership dropped, two alternatives faced the bishop and his cabinet: close the church, or appoint a Negro pastor. "We felt the latter was a logical and sensible thing to do," explained Ragsdale.

Meanwhile, the Rev. Simon P. Montgomery, who went to the all-white church at Old Mystic, Conn., in 1955, has been appointed to the 275-member "white" Rockville Church. During his pastorate at Old Mystic, membership doubled to 90, and a $5,000 building program was completed. In January, Montgomery was elected the first Negro chaplain of the Connecticut House of Representatives.

Religion Lags in Britain

British Methodists say they now have a new and particularly tough nut to crack: cold indifference, combined with polite evasion.

A report accepted by the Methodist Conference of Great Britain pinpointed the problem when it admitted that religion still shows no clear-cut revival in the country, "and not even our continued success at the universities can offset our failure to penetrate the granite indifference of the people."

Dr. W. E. Sangster, secretary of the Home Missions Department, which filed the report, urged conservative and liberal groups to work together.

Another report, from the Overseas Missions Department, warned that numerically the Christian church is losing ground throughout the world.

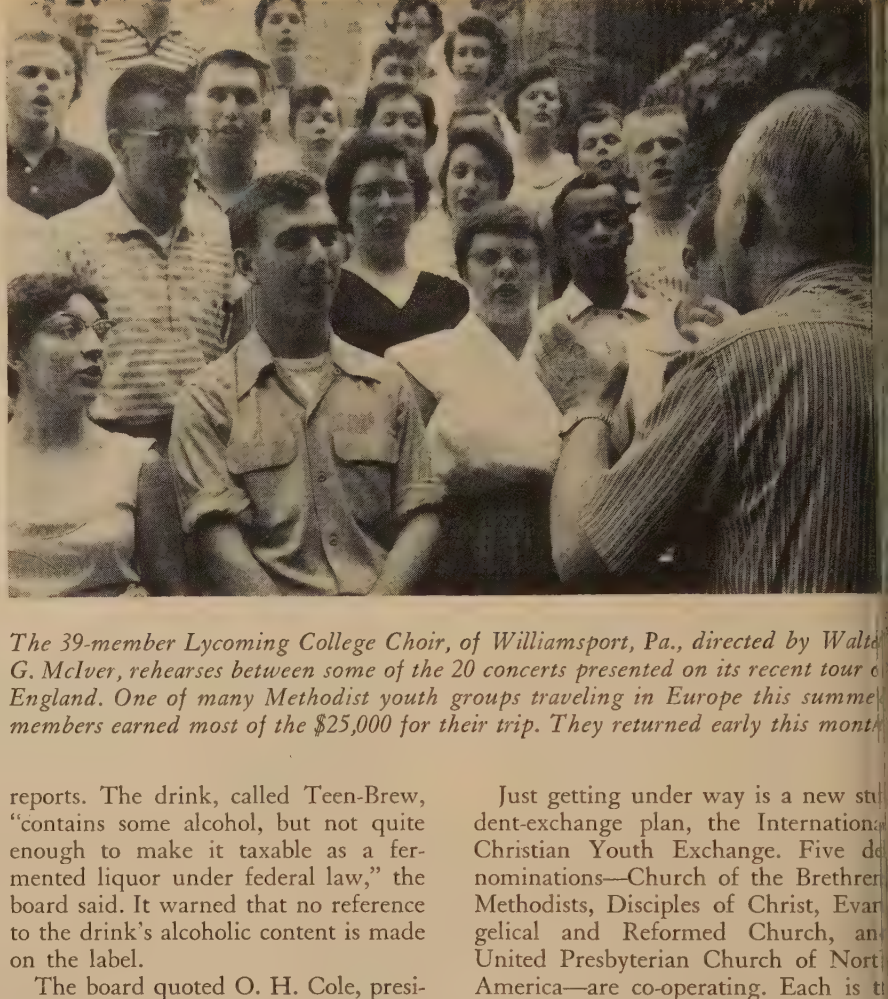
Dr. Harold Roberts, principal of Richmond College, Surrey, and president of the World Methodist Council, was installed as conference president.

Alcohol in Teen Drink

A Wisconsin brewer has started to market a new, beer-like drink for teen-agers, the Board of Temperance reports. The drink, called Teen-Brew, "contains some alcohol, but not quite enough to make it taxable as a fermented liquor under federal law," the board said. It warned that no reference to the drink's alcoholic content is made on the label.

The board quoted O. H. Cole, president of Kingsbury Brewers which manufacture Teen-Brew, as complaining that brewing-industry sales have failed to keep pace with increasing population.

The board contrasted Mr. Cole's plea for the industry "to increase total consumption," with the "traditional (industry) pitch" before Congressional committees that "we don't want to create new drinkers; we just want a bigger share of the existing market."



The 39-member Lycoming College Choir, of Williamsport, Pa., directed by Walt G. McIver, rehearses between some of the 20 concerts presented on its recent tour o England. One of many Methodist youth groups traveling in Europe this summe members earned most of the $25,000 for their trip. They returned early this mont

Youths Sweat—And Like It!

Thousands of Christian young people, many of them Methodists, are taking part in one of the greatest efforts ever made to increase international good will and deepen Christian social and community consciousness. Core of the program is a combination of work camps and a student-exchange program.

Most of those now sweating through the summer in work camps around the world are helping to build churches, missions, orphan schools and roads. Some Methodist high-school students have enrolled in work camps in Indiana and New Mexico. Methodist college students have been tightening bolts in Detroit factories, helping build a church in Iceland, erecting a conference center for a Negro boarding school in Georgia, and helping build a Russian Orthodox chapel in New York.

Just getting under way is a new stu dent-exchange plan, the Internation Christian Youth Exchange. Five de nominations—Church of the Brethren Methodists, Disciples of Christ, Evan gelical and Reformed Church, an United Presbyterian Church of Nort America—are co-operating. Each is t send five youths abroad and bring 2 European young people here.

Of 23 U.S. high-school students wh so far have gone to study and live with European families for a year, 13 ar Methodists. And in the U.S., some 4 Methodist families have "adopted" number of the 100 European young people brought over here by ICYE.

On the college front, 16 student from the Methodist Student Movemen at DePauw University are to return home later this month following two months in a study-travel-work semina in Europe. Twenty-three other Method ist college students are returning from a two-month work camp and seminar mainly in Austria.

Meanwhile, some 140 college stu dents and 33 adult counselors in youth caravans are trying to strengthen th youth programs of more than 225 Meth odist churches in the U.S.

The 13 Methodist young people wh are living in Europe for a year include

Sylvia Boynton, Glen Ellyn, Ill., Germany; Laura Jane Comfort, Miami, Fla., Austria; Peggy Fair, St. Paul, Minn., Germany; Morri Harper, Little Rock, Ark., Germany; Brook Harting, Freelandville, Ind., Germany; Jeann Hill, Baltimore, Md., Berlin; Frank R. Hugus II, Franklin, Pa., France; Jackie James, Cor nell, Wash., Berlin; David McCray, Malvern Ark., Berlin; Anne Milbury, Milford, Del Berlin; Mary Morris, Tulsa, Okla., Austria Susan Jean Parsons, Escalon, Calif., Austria Raylene Price, Kinsley, Kan., Austria.

ethodists Aid Storm Victims

Methodists, many of them victims of ods, tornadoes, and hurricanes, have en springing to the aid of disaster tims in the U.S. and Europe this mmer.

In Fargo, N.D., church members or- nized clean-up crews to help 60 ethodist families whose homes were stroyed in a tornado. Seven-months- l Jon Davenport, whose parents, Mr. d Mrs. Jerry Davenport, are mem- rs of Fargo's Faith Methodist Church, s ripped from his mother's arms by e wind. He was found the next morn- g—safe, in a hospital crib.

In Louisiana, where Hurricane Au- ey destroyed $60,000 worth of Meth- ist church property, Methodist urches at Cameron and Grand enier were demolished. Parsonages d many Methodist homes were de- oyed or severely damaged. At least ree Methodists lost their lives. Many re injured. But other Methodists shed to help them and other victims. The Broadmoor Methodist Men's ub sent $1,500 worth of medicine— llected for shipment to missionaries road—into the area.

Methodist churches in the Lake Charles district, also hit by the hurricane, quickly gave $7,335 to reconstruct the Cameron and Grand Chenier churches and launched a drive for additional funds. Special offerings are being taken in every Louisiana Methodist church to help raise $60,000 needed for rebuilding.

Other donations are coming from all over the U.S. One Congregational church in Antwerp, N.Y., sent $100—which it had borrowed—to help Cameron-Grand Chenier. A Liberty, Miss., Methodist minister drove 275 miles with a carload of clothing and $112 to Lake Charles. At last report, donations totaled about $26,000.

Strong winds also caused an estimated $75,000 damage to a Wesley Foundation under construction near McNeese State College in Lake Charles. Methodist ministers and laymen worked for relief organizations in aiding victims.

In France and Italy, Methodists participated through the World Council of Churches' Division of Inter-Church Aid in rushing relief supplies to flood victims in those countries.

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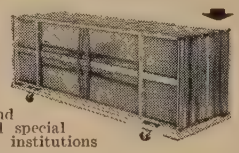

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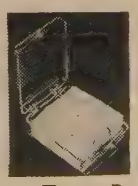

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Medals for Chaplains?

The famed "Four Chaplains" w sacrificed their lives at sea in Wo War II may soon be awarded, po humously, the Congressional Medal Honor.

With the Pentagon ready to wi draw its opposition, a Senate bill award them this honor is expected to approved.

One chaplain, the Rev. George Fox of Vermont, was a Methodist a a member of the Troy Conference. T others were the Rev. Clark V. Poli New York, the Reformed Church America; Rabbi Alexander D. Goo Pennsylvania, and the Rev. John Washington, New Jersey, Roman Cat olic.

The four, all army chaplains, l their lives in the sinking of the tro transport *Dorchester* in the North A lantic in 1943.

A similar resolution was opposed 1944 by army officials on the claim th the chaplains did not die in comba and that 601 other men also died wh the *Dorchester* was torpedoed.

Action on Smut War Front

Methodist officials in the front lin of the battle against obscenity are ha ing recent Supreme Court decisions u holding federal and state laws whic forbid the sale, distribution, or exhib tion of obscene material.

Assistant Secretary of Labor J. Erne Wilkins, president of the Judicial Cou cil of The Methodist Church, said th decisions "will go a great distance t ward removing obscene literature fro newsstands. If proper procedural saf guards are observed, it is possible t achieve the desired result without viol tion of constitutional provisions co cerning free speech."

Glenn Everett, a Washington co respondent and a Methodist, said th decisions have given federal, state, an local law-enforcement agencies a powe ful weapon for driving pornographi publications off newsstands and out o the mails.

The majority opinion in four case reviewed held that obscenity does no come within those areas of freedom o speech or press protected by the Co stitution. It defined obscenity as exis ing when "to the average perso applying contemporary communit standards, the dominant theme of th material taken as a whole appeals t prurient interest."

Some other observers viewed the d cisions with apprehension. *The Chri tian Science Monitor* editorially a proved the action as it relates to th four cases reviewed. But it added, "If a cases henceforth would be as clear-cu as these, and if all officials administe ing these statutes were gifted with su

ior discrimination—not to speak of nesty of purpose—one could simply se this comment on a note of ac- m. But law must be applied to bor- line cases, too. Chief Justice War- , although concurring in the major- opinion, warned that its language ght be broad enough to be applied ntually 'to the arts and sciences and edom of communication generally.' "

ungarians Still Flee Reds

As Red terror continues to seek out edom fighters and patriots, Hun- ian refugees are fleeing across the strian border at the rate of 200 to a day, latest reports show. How- r, in recent weeks the World Coun- of Churches has been the only or- nization on hand to meet them, ac- ding to Arthur Foster, WCC field cer. At the height of the uprisings re were 68 agencies working at the der.

The WCC's yearly report said the ncil resettled 40,000 persons from ril, 1956, to May, 1957, but its case d now is the same as at the begin- ng of that period—150,000.

An especially pressing problem is at of the 2,000 teen-agers confined to se quarters with nothing to do, Mrs. la F. Harllee of the United Church omen reported. The youngsters are t in school and cannot be employed Austria, she said. Those under 18 nnot emigrate without their parents' nsent, she added—and usually it is possible to communicate with their rents.

But Hungarians are only a part of e mass of uprooted peoples that make "the greatest single social problem our time," according to Dr. Edgar . S. Chandler, director of the WCC's rvice to Refugees.

In the Mid-East, there are 900,000 rab refugees from Palestine, plus any thousands, mostly Jews, recently rced to leave Egypt; in West Ger- any, hundreds of thousands of refu- ees, many from East Germany; in sia, 22 million DPs in India, Pakistan, ietnam, and Korea, as well as 700,000 hinese refugees in Hong Kong, and 5,000 long-term European refugees, ostly Russians and Poles, in China.

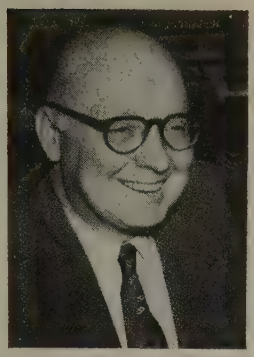
Many Pray at UN Altar

An empty altar in the UN medita- ion room is symbolic of the fact that od "is worshiped in so many forms," ccording to the world organization's op official.

Secretary-General Dag Hammarsk- old recently pointed out that UN workers who use the room include Moslems, Hindus, Jews, and Christians.

The altar is a block of glistening Swedish iron ore, the room's chief furnishing.

Let's Get Acquainted



Dr. T. Otto Nall

Everybody in The Methodist Church, they say, knows T. Otto Nall (*Our Church's Five Big Jobs,* page 26.) He's on a first-name basis with most bishops, a familiar figure at conclaves all over the globe, and has been a leading figure in church journalism since that day in 1922 when, as a young divinity student, he began work for the Methodist Publishing House. He married a young lady who shared his interests; now Frances Nall, vice president of the Woman's Division of Christian Service and of the World Federation of Methodist Women, zooms all over the Western Hemisphere—25,000 miles or so a year. Otto, editor of *The Christian Advocate* since '49—and of *The New Christian Advocate* since the expansion in our church-paper program last year—is no mean traveler himself, having visited Europe four times. But his chief outside interest is the family farm in Indiana and the nearby rural church, founded in 1829. We asked Otto if his is an active farm. "Sure is," he told us. "Active enough to keep all hands stepping at harvest time."

•

You TOGETHER readers are a special—and wonderful—breed. Look at the way you took hold of our *America the Beautiful* contest (winners, pages 34-42). Our judges screened over 12,000 entries. Quite likely each entrant went through 100 or more pictures before picking out those sent to us. That means, conservatively, the pictures we proudly present this month are the best of some 1.2 million color photos! Your response has been so enthusiastic, in fact, that we are thinking of launching a new project for you Camera Cliquers in the near future. Anybody have any ideas for a good subject?

•

Few treats can give an editorial heart that certain glow of satisfaction as much as receiving a manuscript which has a point to make—and makes it. That's why we especially enjoyed Marion K. Stocker's *Your Daughters Are What You Make Them* (page 29). As soon as we read it, we knew that here was a woman who had something constructive to say. Sure enough, in our subsequent correspondence and conversations with her we found that she is an expert in her field.

Mrs. Stocker, a former newspaperwoman, worked six years at Cornell University in the College of Home Economics, followed by a stint on a national magazine and, more recently, as a free lancer specializing in the field of family living. "Because it was economically necessary," she tells us, "I have been a working mother since my son, Jim, was five years old, and I believe that it is possible for a woman to work and be a good mother, too. Nevertheless, I am mighty glad that my grandchildren . . . have a full-time mother who loves her job."

Since Mrs. Stocker finished *Your Daughters Are What You Make Them,* new child-rearing research has furnished further proof of her contention that a child's attitudes and values come mainly from the mother. It's like we told you; here's a woman who really knows her field!

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

Credits are separated from left to right by comma; top to bottom by dash; bot., bottom; cen., center; exc., except; lf., left; rt., right.

9—Walden S. Fabry • 13—H. Armstrong Roberts • 15-17—L. Covello Photos • 18—Union Pacific—Yosemite Natl. Park • 19—Baltimore Orioles—Leonard Perryman—Globe Photo • 21—Underwood and Underwood • 23—Ruth Freund Bushman • 24-25—George Pickow • 28—Brown Brothers • 29—Rie Gaddis • 34—H. Armstrong Roberts • 47-49—CBS • 50-51—Phyllis Braunlich • 56—H. Armstrong Roberts • 64-66—W. Ray Scott • 67—Harold J. Flecknoe • 70—Grit Publishing Co. • 75-76—Truman G. Yuncker.

Beautiful and Methodist:

The Tonga Islands

THE BEAUTIFUL Tonga Islands of the South Pacific are rul by a tall, stately, and gracious woman whose ancestry traces back pagan Polynesian kings of 1,000 years ago. But Queen Salote of th islands is no pagan. Like most Tongans, she is a Methodist—moreove she is the head of that flourishing church in her kingdom.

Christianity and Methodism on the islands date back to 1826 when young British Methodist couple, the Rev. and Mrs. John Thoma stepped ashore as missionaries from Australia. But for four years th Thomases were unable to find a single convert.

"Your religion is good for you," the natives said. "Ours is good fo us."

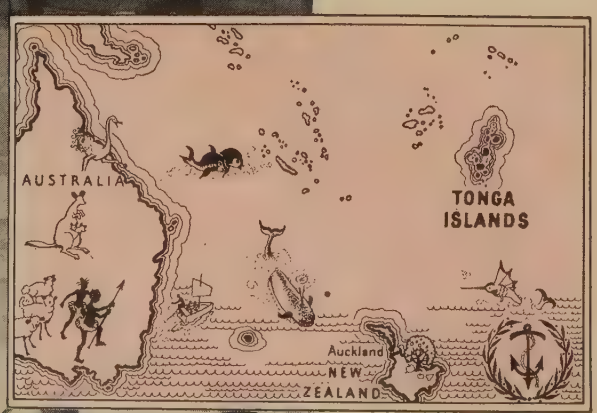
Then suddenly a spirtual revival was fired among the natives. spread rapidly throughout the 150 islands that make up the Tong group.

"The windows of heaven were opened and the Spirit was poure out from on high," Thomas wrote. "I never saw anything to equa it . . . One thousand and more individuals bowed before the Lor weeping at the feet of Jesus."

With that beginning, Christianity brought a remarkable chang Tribal warfare ceased. The people built churches and schools in ever village and gave up the practice of offering human sacrifices.

The Tonga islanders today are gentle, peace-loving, and affectionate The few police one sees are unarmed. There is little crime.

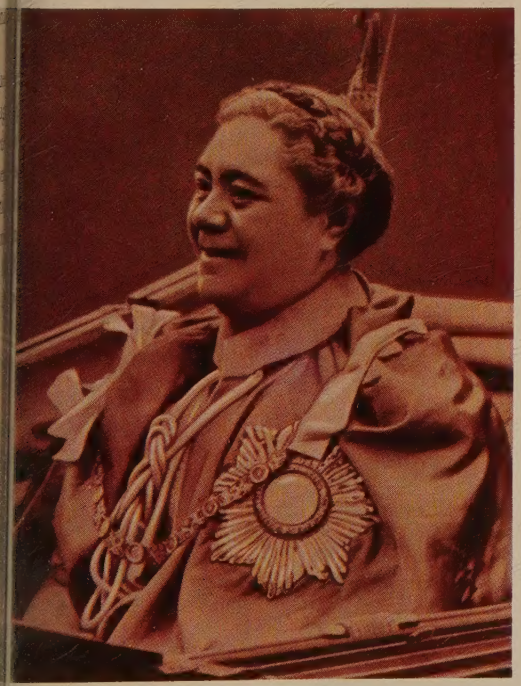
Much of the recent progress can be credited to the reign of Queer Salote, whose people love her and whose admirers are found through out the world. Born in 1900, educated in New Zealand, she succeede to the throne in 1918 when her father died. At the coronation of Queer Elizabeth in London she was the only ruler, other than the Britis royal family, permitted to take part in the proceedings. Her kingdom a British protectorate, has a population of about 50,000, of which 8 per cent are Methodists. The remainder belong to other Protestant o Roman Catholic churches.



The Tonga or Friendly Islands cover a huge area of 250 square miles in the South Pacific.

beach home under the shade of a pandanus tree is the privilege of ny Tongan families. Here, where South Pacific breezes blow, it is ver too hot or cold and no one lacks the necessities of life. The ndanus leaves are used for weaving, for making of baskets and mats.

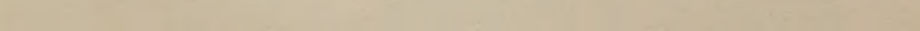
Queen Salote is welcomed by adoring subjects as she returns by boat after a visit to New Zealand.

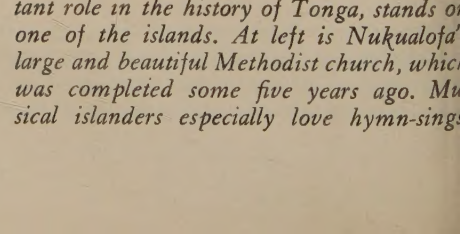


eloved Queen Salote, one of the more colorful ersonalities of Methodism, heads her church on ie islands. Christianity was introduced in 1826 hen Methodist missionaries came from Australia.

Prince Tunga, eldest son of the queen, wears a bright apron—the Tongan symbol of respect.

The royal palace in Nukualofa, a town of around 6,000, is modern and well furnished in the European manner. From here Queen Salote guides the destiny of 50,000 Tongans inhabiting three main groups of coral and volcanic islands.





A monument to the Rev. Shirley Baker Wesleyan missionary who played an impor tant role in the history of Tonga, stands o one of the islands. At left is Nukualofa' large and beautiful Methodist church, whic was completed some five years ago. Mu sical islanders especially love hymn-sing

The history of the Tongans is lost in the mists of time, but the ancients must have spread through the islands in canoes much like the dugout being built here.

Tonga policeman seldom has much to do. Crime is almost unknown.

When was Haamonga arch built? No one knows.

These happy, friendly children are typical of generations that have grown up with modern advantages since Queen Salote ascended the throne.

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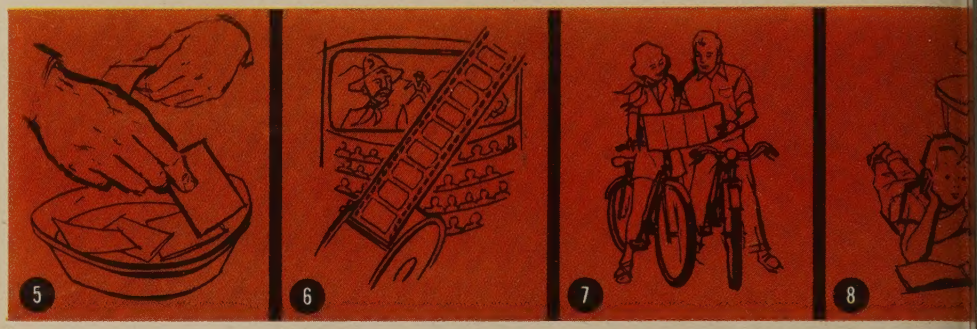
1 . . . yes, even children write

2 Mothers, fathers, church school teachers write . . .

3 "TOGETHER offers inspiration as our children see PRAYER IN ACTION"

4 "foreign mission become real"



5 . . . "and our gifts seem easier to give!"

6 "I like the movie reviews best" says a teen-ager!

7 " 'Teens Together' column gives good advice" raves another!

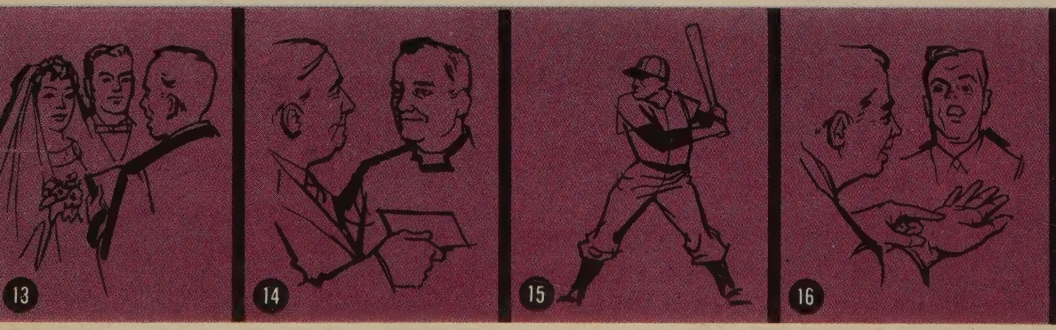
8 . . . contains stori for even the youngest Method

9 . . . for surely he is part of the family

10 Yes, TOGETHER is for all ages—shows "How to be a Christian family"

11 "Good books, hobbies, films viewed with spiritual insight"

12 . . . "interesting s based on Christian virtues"



13 "Methodist approaches to life's great decisions fully discussed"

14 "current Church news and activities take on new importance"

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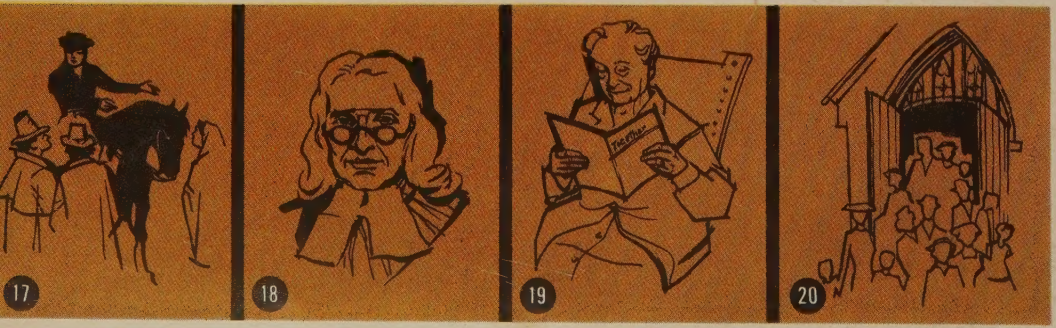

17 "and Methodist history unfolds dramatically" . . .

18 "John Wesley of the 1700's actually becomes a personal friend"

19 "finally, TOGETHER encourages us in our daily living"

20 . . . "and through its pages, we all join our fellow Methodists TOGETHER"

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